WILSON—AFTER ALL

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

—

Edited by
GEORGE HARVEY

—

DECEMBER

THE VERDICT OF THE PEOPLE

BY THE EDITOR

GUESSING AGAIN

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A COPY FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

REPRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KRANICH-&-BACH

Ultra-Quality PIANOS
and PLAYER PIANOS

A SUPERB CHRISTMAS GIFT for the entire family—nothing else will endow your home with so much of contentment and culture.

The Kranich & Bach is recognized by discriminating musicians as the world's most artistic instrument—best in tone, touch, and in everything that constitutes real musical quality. Its supremacy has been won by fifty years of "Quality First" effort, backed by many patented features of mechanical superiority.

A small first payment sends home for Christmas this beautiful $800 Player Piano. Other players, $700 to $1400 (f. o. b. New York)

KRANICH & BACH

235-245 East 23d St. New York City

Send us the name and age of YOUR piano and we will mail you a handsome gilt-metal souvenir.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW CORPORATION, 171 Madison Avenue, New York City.

GEORGE HARVEY, President J. HENRY HARPER, Vice President E. B. CUTTING, Secretary A. P. HARVEY, Treasurer
C. W. CULMAN, Business Manager

Entered as second class matter August 17, 1906, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1916

THE VERDICT OF THE PEOPLE

BY THE EDITOR

THE most striking of the many peculiarities which characterized the recent National Election was the predominance of the element of abstraction with respect to candidates. Never before perhaps has personality, except in so far as the term be regarded as synonymous with distinctive eminence, played so small a part. Neither President Wilson nor Mr. Hughes was a popular idol for whom, as for Lincoln, McClellan, Grant, Greeley, Blaine, Roosevelt, Bryan or even as for Tilden, Cleveland or McKinley, millions of votaries stood ready, if necessary, to sacrifice their all, even to their lives, from sheer devotion. The majority upheld the President, not for himself, but for what he had done or not done and for what they hoped he might do or not do, and an almost equal number voted for Mr. Hughes, from dissatisfaction with those very performances and avoidances. It was Peace (with honor, of course) *vs.* Patriotism (without war, of course)—and Prosperity, barely, tipped the scales. To the great mass of average minds the distinction seemed clear enough, but hardly as vital, while hearts remained untouched, and so the Nation was spared the excitement and shock which attended the similarly close results in 1876 and in 1884. Indeed, if we may speak with frank precision, the country as a whole, believing Mr. Hughes elected, retired complacent, and, waking to hear that Mr. Wilson had prob-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ably won, went about its accustomed tasks, neither glad nor sorry.

We said the country "as a whole,"—not as segregated parts. Far from it! While the first reports of the election of Mr. Hughes evoked expressions of satisfaction rather than of jubilance throughout the East, the unexpected announcement to the contrary came as a shock to millions of people in the cities. The streets became strangely still, as if the silent throngs were conscious of some great calamity about to befall them. It is the simple truth that upon the faces of men and women in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington such dismay has not been stamped since word came of the assassination of McKinley. And the reflection was in but small degree either of sympathy for Mr. Hughes or of aversion for Mr. Wilson; it was of hurt to the spirit, of humiliation and of shame that the Nation should deliberately stand forth before the world as not only selfish and sordid but unmindful of its obligations to either civilization or to its own honor.

We do not assert that the feeling thus displayed, contrary to habitual restraint, was fully warranted; indeed, we recognize exaggeration, if not distortion, in the impelling thought; but it did and does exist and is very real; as far removed from what the *World* calls "the cash-register patriotism of New York" as the sunlight of heaven is from utter darkness.

So much we say in passing, only by way of explanation to the great West, now exulting, according to its chief spokesman in Kansas, Mr. William Allen White, at having finally reduced the envied East to the position of "a subject province," and in the hope that invidious comparison of motives may not be permitted to engender sectional strife at a time when particularly, as the President truly says, there should be complete unity "in the interest of the great country that we all love."

Far be it from us to engage in controversy over the causes of the outcome of the election. Already nearly everybody has voiced his opinion and, so far as our observation goes, nearly everybody is right, at least in part. Since the successful party has no cause for complaint, the bickering necessarily is confined to the defeated opposition and it is not unnatural that each should blame the other and the other, each. Suppose, merely as a matter of passing in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terest, we consider in turn the chief accusations and explanations advanced openly or furtively by those most directly concerned.

1. *Mr. Hughes.* "It was all his own fault; he ought not to have made so many speeches; his first trip was fatal; he should have stayed at home and made three or four set addresses and—" and so forth. Now let us see. Mr. Hughes first spoke in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota and Oregon, all of which he carried; so there can be no complaint. Of the other States which he visited he lost Idaho by 15,000, Washington by 12,000, Nevada by 5,000, Colorado by 60,000, Wyoming by 3,000, Nebraska by 20,000, Kansas by 30,000, Kentucky by 24,000, Tennessee by 40,000 and North Dakota by 1,700. Could any assumption be more absurd than that he might have overcome any one of these heavy majorities by "staying away"? Is it not far more probable that he barely saved Minnesota and Oregon? In any case, he actually lost nothing; that is clear; eliminating California, which shall have special consideration.

Of the direct advantage accruing from his subsequent speechmaking tours no doubt has been expressed. A more wonderful or more successful personal campaign was never made. Ohio was past redemption by the candidate unaided and Michigan and Wisconsin might have stood fast in any case, but there can be no question that Mr. Hughes personally won the scant majority of 8,000 in Indiana. Of the effect of his speeches in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, climaxed by the most remarkable reception ever known in Massachusetts nothing need be said.

We submit, therefore, that Mr. Hughes did his full part and more, meeting manfully and effectively conditions which imposed the severest physical and mental strain and rising to every occasion with vigor and power such as seldom, if ever, have been equaled and have never been surpassed. When the smoke of battle shall have rolled away, it will be found that he won the respect, the admiration and the hearty friendship of the vast number of his fellow-countrymen who have seen, heard and recognized in him a true American of the highest order in intelligence, sincerity, straightforwardness and courage. Surely this must be reckoned no small recompense for the great sacrifice which he made when he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forsook his exalted and valued place, in response to a call of duty to his country. And no less surely will come a broadening and deepening of realization by the whole people of the signal advantage gained by themselves in having themselves brought into the open and made free a man whom they now feel to be capable of meeting any emergency that may call for the best that the Republic can afford.

By this we do not mean to imply so much as a suggestion of future public service on the part of Mr. Hughes. It is, if we may use the apt designation affixed by Benjamin Franklin, as " one of the masters," that we welcome to our ranks the most notable acquisition of recent years, drafted as a recruit to be held by hand for counsel and in reserve for action.

2. *Mr. Roosevelt.* We have to confess that Our Colonel did not actually win any States for his candidate. Indeed, if the truth must be told, his fervid appeals seem to have produced adverse results, notably in communities where he was supposed to wield the greatest influence. The cowboys of Arizona, for example, increased Mr. Wilson's majority of 354 over all in 1912 to 10,278 in 1916 and in New Mexico changed a Republican-Progressive plurality of 5,643 four years ago to a Democratic plurality of 2,039. Likewise Colorado switched from a Democratic minority of 16,469 to a Democratic majority of 73,443 and Kansas from 51,297 minus to 37,628 plus. In all of the other States which Mr. Roosevelt visited, moreover, Mr. Wilson made distinct gains, Illinois alone responding handsomely to the blast from his horn.

But clearly it was not Our Colonel's strident speech that drove the moose away. It was the peace at any price except the price of hogs accentuated by a certain resentment at his withdrawal from Armageddon. Whether his campaigning did more harm than good no man can tell, but obviously it lost no electoral votes.

The sinister suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt deliberately connived at the defeat of Mr. Hughes through violent haranguing finds no warrant in evidence or attendant circumstance. At the beginning of the campaign he put himself unreservedly at the disposal of the managers. He would make no speeches, he would make a few or he would make many, as they might consider advisable. He must not be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked to stultify himself by modifying views which he had already voiced as his settled convictions. That was the sole, the proper and the reasonable condition. With that understanding the management called for a greater number of speeches than his own judgment pronounced wise but, like a true rough rider, he went forth as bid and did his levelest.

An angel—and Our Colonel is no angel—could have done no more. We find his conduct without fault or blemish, even to his ante-election promise, subsequently discovered to have been superfluous, to refrain from attempting to influence the incoming Administration. He, too, remains among the masters, acquitted of guile, unsusceptible to the dream from the pipe and surcharged with helpful criticism for future use.

3. *Internal dissensions.* The internecine warfare which began with the nominations of Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt four years ago did not end with the nomination of Mr. Hughes. The amalgamation of forces which ensued signified union only of heads and politics, not of hearts and principles, and had but one definite purpose,—to beat Wilson. Early expectation of an easy triumph served only to disintegrate the ranks, to induce strife between the rival leaders for subsequent control of the organization and to incite every secondary candidate to restrict his endeavors to his own canvass.

The most striking instance was afforded by Ohio, where Mr. Herrick had his own committee and organization and Mr. Willis had his and Mr. Hughes had none worthy of mention. This division of forces, supplemented by labor disaffection in the North and extraordinary efforts in Mr. Wilson's behalf on the part of the Miners' Union, brought inevitable disaster upon all. Otherwise, unless utterly neglected, Ohio would hardly have parted company with her neighboring States in maintaining unbroken loyalty to the Republican party.

Like conditions produced a like result in Utah, but elsewhere operated wholly to the disadvantage of the Presidential candidate. So it came about that, while Mr. McCumber in North Dakota and Mr. Poindexter in Washington were elected as Senators by large majorities and Governor Capper carried Kansas by a hundred thousand, the head of the ticket lost all three States.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And here enters California, queen of the Democratic harvest, whose vote would have given the Presidency to Mr. Hughes. With the column upon column of conflicting affirmations and denials of the two Old Guard and Progressive committeemen we need hardly concern ourselves. Nor can we regard as of vital importance, in a great National contest, a point of etiquette as between nominees. Three hundred thousand majority for Hiram Johnson for Senator and less than none for Charles E. Hughes, Hiram Johnson's avowed candidate for President! That is the one overpowering fact which dwarfs all explanations, whether of jealous Progressivism or of petty pique, and which will hardly be forgotten when the triumphant idol of California shall seek in Washington association with honorable men.

4. *Management.* Whether it shall the more profit a campaign manager to win or to lose an election is an academic question, whose timely discussion by Messrs. William R. Willcox and William F. McCombs in the New Rochelle forum we shall go miles to hear. Meanwhile, it is a matter of common fairness, if not of adequate recognition, to note that the task of reconciling irreconcilables which confronted Mr. Willcox at the outset was without parallel in political history and that, if the results in the territory which came under his personal supervision be considered a basis of judgment, he succeeded. And whether the extraordinary efforts put forth by the Western management to carry Kentucky and Tennessee were instigated by hope, expectancy or love of self-exploitation is immaterial, in view of the consequences in neighboring States, of whose political inclination the sapient Mr. Hert maintained an abysmal ignorance to the end. The wonder, under the circumstances, is less that Kansas, Nebraska and Ohio were lost than that Minnesota, Wisconsin and Indiana were saved to the opposition.

The truth of the matter is that the Republican party reaped where it had sowed. Having won at least three National elections since the Civil War through appeals to self-interest as sloganized by " the full dinner pail " and " let well enough alone," it was quite unable to withstand the force of its own plea when the relative positions of the two parties were reversed. If now complaint is made that the West of the present generation places materialism above idealism, pacifism above patriotism and existing conditions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

above fundamental causes, the fault is traceable to Republican, not Democratic, teachings of the past. When McKinley won on Prosperity he paved the way for Wilson. The emancipated woman who was not raising her boy to be a soldier contributed much to the result, but nothing like as much as the man who was raising hogs for the slaughter and wheat to be sold at two dollars a bushel.

Mr. William Allen White tells us that Kansas "despised" Wilson, but voted for him because "not even the issue of National honor had its effect," as against what? He does not inform us, for reasons readily surmised; but the omission may with certainty be supplied with "considerations of their own material welfare."

That such a contrasting motive should actuate a great body of American citizens is surely cause of deep humiliation, but when we observe that in the last days of the campaign the Republicans, too, practically abandoned "the issue of National honor" and made higher wages through Protection the sole basis of their appeal to the workers, we find little ground for recrimination as between the East and the West, while the South, regardless of its interests or ideals, continues and seems likely to continue for years under negative negro domination,—for which also the Republican party is responsible.

Clearly, what the whole country needs, from Maine to California, from the lakes to the gulf, is a course in patriotism.

Turning with due deference to the chief sponsors of the Administration for accurate measurement of the mandate conveyed by the people, we note with particular gratification a capacious comprehension on the part of our neighbor the *Times* such as might have been expected from a contrite spirit. "How void of merit now seems the criticism of his policies at home and abroad!" implies more than mere confession of error in the past; it betokens, we should say, unwavering and unquestioning approbation of all that may be done or said in the future,—a resolve, we may remark, that will fetch joy to the heart of Mr. John O'Hop who, having failed to obtain the guidance which he sought, finally chose the candidate of our neighbor in preference to its principles, which now he, too, has reluctantly but definitely abandoned.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The *World's* interpretation is less expansive. Indeed, we seem to detect a note of warning, if not of apprehension, in words such as these:

> We should say that the President's re-election is a national testimonial to his purposes and his tendencies rather than a blanket indorsement of all his policies, for hundreds of thousands of citizens voted for Mr. Wilson who disagreed emphatically with him in many things that he had done. . . .
>
> Mr. Wilson's re-election does not mean that the country approves of everything that he has done. It does not mean that the country indorses his appointments as a whole or his measures as a whole or regards him as infallible.

And suspiciously of relief in the following:

> The possibility that the Republicans may be able to organize the House of Representatives in the new Congress more than a year hence is a prospect that even Democratic partisans should view philosophically.
>
> The Sixty-third and Sixty-fourth Congresses have been going pretty fast. They have done many things which all parties have long promised and which the people undoubtedly wanted done, but the popular disposition has been to pause, to scrutinize the work under way and to await results. If these prove satisfactory the forward movement will be resumed later on.
>
> A situation such as this may prove to be an excellent thing for the country.

Here we find a wide divergence of judgment between the two leading advisers of the Administration equally deserving of consideration, the one for holding California, the other for carrying Kansas, and the two combined for the results in this immediate vicinity. Overnight the conservative and the radical seem to have exchanged places and, alas, we cannot but recognize that, circumstances being as they are, attempt at intervention on our part, even in the interest of harmonious team-play, would be resented as unseemly.

We supported Mr. Hughes and the Republican party in the recent campaign because, upon evidences set forth as clearly as lay within our power of expression, we believed they were better equipped to meet and master the present emergency than Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party. We

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still think so. But we are none the less convinced of the truth of our assertion immediately following the conventions that " under the guidance of either Hughes or Wilson, the country is safe as a clock." We do not pretend that the hope which we now cherish is as satisfying as the confidence which we should have felt if the result had been otherwise, but we gladly recognize the possibilities, even the probabilities, of praiseworthy achievement under an Administration to whose qualifications invaluable experience has now come to supplement the discernment and resolution which it has never lacked.

President Wilson began his first term as the choice of a minority of his countrymen. He continues by decree of a clear majority, whose approval has been won, as seldom before, by his own acts, in spite of, rather than in co-ordination with, the performances of his associates in Cabinet and in Congress. Whatever of doubt there may have been as to the attitude of the people towards the President no longer exists. The fact that, under our electoral system, the change of a few votes would have reversed the outcome of the election fades into insignificance in the face of nearly half a million majority of the popular vote. Nor to our mind should the disapproval manifested by Mr. Wilson's own region and his own State, extending even to his own county, his own township and his own voting precinct, cause more than a momentary chagrin, quickly dissipated by the evidence thereby afforded by the nationalism, as contrasted with the usual parochialism, of his triumph. Out of the wondrous kindness engendered by fellow feeling, we adduce for his comfort, no less than for our own, the familiar adage respecting the traditional standing of a prophet in his own country.

We have little patience with those in the West who exultingly or those in the East who despairingly pronounce the re-election of President Wilson a sectional event and even less with any American who hesitates for a moment to acquiesce unreservedly in the verdict rendered. Either, as Jefferson declared, " absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority " is in truth " the vital principle of republics " and essential to our own Government or democracy is a ghastly failure. If it shall transpire that a mistake was made last month, we all know that it was not the first and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we must all realize that it cannot be the last. This greatest of republics would have perished long ago but for the ability and readiness of its citizens to rectify an error and to profit from a lesson. Invariably the ultimate judgment of the people has proved itself and so strong is our own faith that we feel by no means certain that even tentatively in this instance it has been at fault. God only knows and Time alone can tell.

For ourselves, while cordially felicitating President Wilson upon the popular approval which he has won, largely, in our opinion, as a reward for the faithfulness with which he has performed his difficult tasks, we tender our hearty congratulations upon his achievement far less of an evanescent personal triumph than of a glorious opportunity. His is now a clean slate. The past is past. Whatever errors have been committed have been condoned by the people. All eyes turn to the future where great events await.

"I want to say," President Wilson declared simply at Williamstown, "that now the campaign is over we must think of only one thing, and that is not of parties but of the interest of the great country we all love. Let us forget all our differences and unite for common service. Only in that way can we work for the great Nation that has given us liberty and peace."

We could ask no better words, no finer pledge. Fulfilment to the letter on the part no less of the President himself than of his subordinates is the one requisite of real success and true greatness.

Four years ago, also as a public servant charged with certain responsibilities, we held ourselves "free and glad to commend generously" all acts of the new Administration that we should deem praiseworthy and "equally free and ready to criticize freely or condemn unsparingly" whatever we should adjudge deserving of censure. That pledge to the people, which thus far has been maintained to the best of our judgment and ability, we now renew, precisely as we should have made it anew if Charles Evans Hughes, instead of Woodrow Wilson, had been elected President of the United States.

This century-old North American Review has no favors to ask nor to grant. It is neither pussyfooter nor neutral. It delights in glowing praise and cannot be deterred from unquailing criticism. It is neither Democrat nor Repub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lican. It is whole hearted, free and independent. And if it should ever for one moment in its second century or thereafter cease to be a patriot, we pray that it may be struck dead.

GUESSING AGAIN

WHILE modestly disclaiming the slightest disposition to extol unduly our own political prescience, we cannot conscientiously refrain at this time from directing attention to the fact that the recent election furnishes the long-desired exception requisite to the establishment of a rule. Not soon again, we imagine, in view of this timely and fortuitous circumstance, will the most venturesome of our esteemed contemporaries have the hardihood to question the accuracy of any forecast that we may feel warranted in putting to hazard. In any case, though the margin was small, we hold the proof of the exception to be conclusive and a cause rather of congratulation than of disappointment on the part of our daily friends, with whom we have occasion to differ at times with respect to matters of public policy.

Whether or not such was, in fact, the viewpoint of our neighbor the *World* when it remarked with characteristic terseness "Colonel George Harvey also prophesied" we can only surmise; but it may not be amiss, by way of contrast, to mark the distinction between anticipation and realization and to note that what we had merely predicted the *World* actually heralded, after the event, as having happened. Its ingenuous manifestation of amazement at our mistake in prognostication, as contrasted with its absence of surprise at its own error in fact, we accept gratefully as a generous tribute based upon the respective records of the past.

Simultaneously and promptly, lest the requirements of courtesy be disregarded inadvertently, we acknowledge receipt of "a bunch of immortelles" from our neighbor the *Herald*. Unhappily, however, since we find upon examination that the *Herald's* famous and most interesting poll placed in the wrong column fifteen States having 129 electoral votes, while our prediction assigned to Mr. Hughes erroneously but nine States having only 53 electoral votes, we feel constrained to return the flowers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The narrowness of the margin, indeed, by which we achieved the exception to which we have referred is indicated by the simple fact that Mr. Hughes fell only fourteen votes short of the 269 which we predicted would go to him and would have received 268 and been elected but for the inexplicable contrariness of California. Truly, in the vernacular of the tonsorial parlors, a close shave,—but a poor guess; a very poor guess, indeed.

We have striven earnestly to effect a seeming reconciliation between what the *Evening Post* irritatingly calls our "foresight" and our "hindsight"; we have placed the two tabulations side by side; we have turned them upside down and scrutinized them downside up; we have held them to the light; we have reiterated "if" till the word refuses to form; but quite without avail.

We reprint the following letter addressed to the *Times* by Mr. (or Miss) A. B. Mavitt for the sole reason that it would be ungracious not to do so:

To the Editor of The New York *Times:*

In view of the general tendency to belittle Colonel George Harvey as an election forecaster permit me to say a word in his defense.

Colonel Harvey predicted that Mr. Hughes would carry twenty-three specified States. Mr. Hughes actually carried fourteen of them. I therefore award Colonel Harvey a mark of 61 per cent. on prediction. As 60 per cent. is generally accepted in colleges as a passing mark, it is evident that Colonel Harvey has a margin of safety of 1 per cent. Not a large margin, truly, but margins are being cut smaller this year.

Colonel Harvey expected that Mr. Hughes would carry Indiana and Wisconsin. The doughty Colonel thus scores 100 per cent. on expectation. It is clear that, if he had expected more and predicted less, Mr. Hughes would have been elected.

Colonel Harvey believed Mr. Hughes would carry Delaware, Ohio and Maryland. We give him 33 per cent. on belief. This is his only failure. Faith is generally regarded as a virtue, but Colonel Harvey's faith falls little short of credulity.

Colonel Harvey allotted thirteen specified States to President Wilson. He gets 10 per cent. on allotment. He regarded seven States as doubtful. The fact that President Wilson carried six of them does not militate against Colonel Harvey's original right to an honest doubt. We are compelled, therefore, to mark him 100 per cent. on doubt.

Colonel Harvey's final statement was: "Hughes surely wins. Probable majority for Hughes between 145 and 175." This stag-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gered me at first, but on reflection I perceived that he was speaking of Minnesota and inadvertently omitted to mention the name of the State. We think 10 per cent. a fair debit for this omission, and we deduct an additonal 5 per cent. for inaccuracy, as the Minnesota figures now stand at a little over 200. We therefore award him 85 per cent. on Minnesota.

The candidate's (not the 100 per cent. candidate) general average is, therefore, 76 per cent.—a high mark. For it is a familiar principle of weather lore that all signs fail in dry weather; and this has been an exceedingly arid campaign.

We maintain that on this showing Colonel Harvey is entitled to rank as one of the Major Prophets.

We appreciate the considerateness and admire the ingenuity of the explanation, but find it more soothing than convincing.

We have only to add somewhat drearily that any person apprized by experience of the difficulty of divining what one woman may do should know better than even to guess at what three millions of women are likely to do. Frankly, but for the need noted of parading an exception to prove a rule, as a political Isaiah, we should be up a tree,—a trying position always but, even so, less perilous than falling off a fence at the last moment, after the fashion of the *Evening Post*.

Meanwhile, unless other journalistic submarines resume operations, we shall, in strict conformity with the approved policy of our Government at Washington which still lives, regard the prophesying incident as closed until disavowed.

ELECTORAL VOTE AND ELECTORAL COLLEGE

The election has given rise to a great revival of interest, largely hostile, in the electoral system of choosing the President and Vice-President. The editor of a metropolitan newspaper reports that his desk has been flooded with letters, from apparently intelligent people and non-aliens, asking, What is meant by the Electoral Vote? Of how much importance is it in the election? What is the Electoral College? Why do we have it? Why do we not abolish it? Other letters, from correspondents who know what the electoral system is, urge that that system should be abolished. This latter view is also taken by a number of leading newspapers, demanding abolition of the system as "an obsolete

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relic of aristocracy," and calling for direct election of the President and Vice-President by popular vote, as United States Senators are now elected.

Now the letters first mentioned, which were a sad reality, doubtless betray a most deplorable and amazing ignorance of the American Constitution, particularly when we consider that in the common schools children scarce entering their teens are required to study that document. It is well to require alien candidates for naturalization to be able to read the Constitution, as a *sine qua non* of citizenship. But what shall it profit us if all the naturalized citizens read it, and all the native citizens read it not? Moreover, the views expressed by those who do understand what the electoral vote and the Electoral College are, and those of the papers which incontinently demand a sweeping away of the whole system, betray a scarcely less reprehensible misapprehension of the real purport of the system; and those who ask that the electoral system shall be altogether abolished, so that the President and Vice-President shall be elected by the popular vote of the nation at large, as Senators are now elected, disclose an ignorance, or an ignoring, of the fact that no such result would thus be attained.

It is quite true that the electoral system originated partly in a distrust of the impeccable wisdom of the popular vote; or in belief that the popular will could in this matter best be executed through a deliberative assembly. There was then no thought of making the Presidency a partisan political office, or of having the President nominated by a political party. That office was to stand aloof from partisanship, just as a constitutional monarch, or as the French President, does. To that end the people were to choose a body of so-called electors, who should not as at present perfunctorily register a popular choice which was made long before they themselves were chosen, but who should actually meet as a deliberative body, discuss various eligible candidates, and choose those whom they considered best fitted. It was to be actual selection and election by a representative body instead of by popular vote, just as laws were to be and are made by a representative Congress and not by mass conventions of the whole people; excepting that the electors of each State were to meet by themselves in that State, and not unite in a national assembly.

That was a logical scheme, and it had some theoretical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

advantages. But it did not last long. After the eight years of Washington's Administration, party politics waxed dominant, and by Jefferson's time electors were being chosen with the distinct understanding that they were to vote for candidates already selected by popular preference, or by the party leaders. For more than a hundred years, therefore, that part of the original purport of the system has been a dead letter. Electors have been chosen to do nothing more than to record the popular will, expressed in advance; a purely clerical function. Such a thing as an elector exercising his own choice or judgment, in distinction from that of the party convention, is unheard-of. In voting for a group of electors, the people of a State vote as certainly and as directly for a certain man for President, as though the electoral college were abolished and only the names of the Presidential candidates were upon the ticket.

This fact is further emphasized by the record. Since the present party nomination system was established there have been only three elections in which the man chosen by the electoral vote was not the one who received the majority, or at least a plurality, of the popular vote of the nation at large. Those three cases occurred in exceptional circumstances, which deprived them of any significance in the direction of defeating the popular will by the electoral college. In one of them, the election of John Quincy Adams, the choice was thrown into the House of Representatives. In one, that of the Hayes-Tilden contest, the election was submitted to an extra-constitutional Commission. In the third, that of Harrison in 1888, the almost total suppression of the votes of one party in a number of States gave to the other party an undue proportion of the popular vote of the nation. In every other case for a full century and more, the Electoral College has ratified the popular preference. The demand that the electoral system shall be abolished because of its thwarting of the popular will, is therefore without adequate foundation.

But there was another purpose in establishing the electoral vote system, quite different from that which we have been considering, and one which has not become obsolete, but which is to-day as vital and as desirable as ever. That was, and is, the preservation of the individuality and the rights of the States, and the giving of the States a certain voice in national affairs as States. In that respect the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Electoral College, or the electoral vote,—for we must discriminate between them, as we shall presently see,—is an analogue of Congress. In Congress States have a dual representation, one on the basis of statehood, the other on the basis of population. In the Senate all States are equal, each having two Senators. New York and Nevada are at par. In the House of Representatives States are not equal. They have representation and voting power in proportion to their population. New York is equal to forty-three Nevadas. Of course that gives, in the joint vote of both houses, the small States a strength disproportionate to their population. But that is simply what we may describe as a perquisite of statehood.

Now exactly that same principle, for exactly that same purpose, exists in the electoral vote system. It is provided that every State, small or large, shall have two votes in the Electoral College in token of its statehood; just as it has two Senators in the Congress. Beyond that, it shall have other votes in the Electoral College in proportion to its population; just as it has Representatives in the House. Thus Delaware, with about 50,000 voters, has three electoral votes —two for its statehood and one for its population. New York, with 1,500,000 voters, has 45 electoral votes—two for its statehood and 43 for its population. If they were all on the basis of population, and if Delaware had three, New York would have 90 instead of 45.

This system also serves as a protection to the smaller States, and to those in which elections are close, against being swamped by some abnormally large majority in a single State, or in a few States. To suppose a case which may seem extreme but which is by no means impossible: Let us suppose that forty-seven of the States, omitting New York, voted for a certain candidate by average majorities of ten thousand; making a total majority for him of 470,000. And let us suppose that, through some exceptional circumstance, New York gave for the other candidate a majority of 500,000. Then, on the basis of direct popular vote, the candidate favored by just this one State alone would be elected, by a majority of 30,000. We do not believe that would be satisfactory. We believe that in such a case the average American citizen would think it better that the other candidate be seated, even though he had a minority of the popular vote. Moreover, there would be far greater

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

danger of such things happening than there now is of the electoral vote going contrary to the popular vote.

There are, undoubtedly, some grave objections to the electoral system. But they are directed against the Electoral College rather than against the electoral vote; between which, as we have already said, we must discriminate. The Electoral College is an empty and unprofitable form. It is cumbersome. It puts us in constant danger of awkward complications, such as a candidate's proving to be unqualified, or his dying when there is no time to fill the vacancy before election. There is also the very real danger of "split tickets," which has not infrequently been realized, and which is a great evil. It is perfectly safe to say that whenever the electoral vote of a State is divided, the popular will is defeated. This will be obvious upon analysis of a suppositious case. In a certain State there are ten electors. The election is close. The Democrats carry it for nine of their electors, by a majority of a thousand. But the tenth candidate for elector, though quite eligible, has made himself personally unpopular in some one community of the State, so that a thousand Democrats, who vote for all the other nine, refuse on purely personal grounds to vote for him. He is defeated, and a Republican is elected in his place. Yet every one of the Democrats who refused to vote for him wanted the Democratic candidate for the Presidency to be elected. They did not want to refuse to vote for a Democratic President; they simply did not want to vote for that one elector, and that not as an elector but as a man. So the will of the State is defeated. By a majority of a thousand it wanted ten votes cast for a certain candidate, but in fact only nine were cast for him and one went to his opponent. There have been many such split tickets in recent years, and it is quite possible that at any election such a splitting of a ticket may decide the result, and the popular will thus be defeated.

It will be observed that Kansas this year guarded against such a contingency by providing by law that all electors should be voted for *en bloc*. The constitutionality of that enactment has been questioned by some, but we should hope not successfully. Whether constitutional or not, it is in accord with common sense and justice, and with the clear intent of our electoral system. The undisputable intent is that the electoral vote of each State shall be cast solidly.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was not so originally, when the electors were not bound by party nominations for President and Vice-President; but it is so now. It would be absurd to say that any citizen of, for example, New York wishes the vote to be divided, and forty of the electoral votes to be cast for one candidate and the other five for another. Those who omit for personal reasons to vote for certain candidates and thus cause a splitting of the electoral vote, have no such absurd desire. They want the whole electoral ticket to be elected, though they trust to the votes of others to elect some of its members against whom they have some personal grudge.

It is quite obvious that this serious evil of split tickets could be avoided, along with the other objections to the electoral system which we have noted, not by abolishing the whole system and thus sacrificing its desirable if not indispensable qualities, nor yet by the Kansas plan, which avoids one evil but not the others, but rather by the logical expedient of abolishing the Electoral College but retaining the electoral vote. That means that there would be no electors chosen. There would be no electors' names on the tickets. There would be merely the names of the candidates for President and Vice-President, and the people would vote directly for them. But the result of the polling would be not to cast so large a popular majority for the successful candidate, but to order that the State's quota of electoral votes should be cast for him. Thus in this year's election, New York State, for example, would have been reckoned not as giving 115,000 popular majority for Hughes, to be reckoned among the popular majorities of the other States, but would be reckoned as casting 45 electoral votes for him, to be reckoned among the electoral votes of the other States.

We should thus get rid of the obsolete, cumbersome and actually evil features of the present system, and at the same time should retain and even strengthen its good features. We do not believe that even the strongest opponents of "State Rights" are in favor of abolishing statehood altogether and merging the entire nation into a single electorate. To do that would be a greater revolution than that of 1776. It would abolish the very name of United States. But if that is not to be done, and if statehood, with its distinctions and powers and privileges, is to be preserved, then it is essential that in national affairs each State shall have, as an inalienable quality of statehood, a certain measure of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

equality with every other State. We have already referred to the error of supposing, as some do, that abolition of the electoral vote system would be analogous with the abolition of legislative election of Senators. The abolition of the Electoral College but retention of the electoral vote, which we have advocated, would be analogous with it. For while the people now vote directly for Senators, they vote for an arbitrarily fixed number for the State, a number the same in all States and being in recognition of statehood. So under the system which we have outlined the people would vote directly for President and Vice-President, but they would do so with an arbitrarily fixed potency in each State, and a potency which recognized the attributes of statehood. The election of a President would then be exactly analogous with the election of Congress. Each State, small or large, would have the privilege of casting two electoral votes, just as it now elects two Senators; and of casting additional votes in proportion to its population, just as it now elects Representatives; and its popular majority would not be taken into the reckoning, just as now it does not matter whether it elects a Senator by a majority of one or of one million.

And this is desirable, rather than the utter sweeping away of the electoral system, because after all this is the United States and the President is President of the United States. It was long ago decided, once and forever, that States could not by seceding destroy the Nation. We do not think that we are ready to have the Nation abolish the States.

CODLIN AND SHORT IN POLAND

"Codlin's the friend; not Short." Germany's the friend; not Russia. That is the siren song with which the Central Powers now seek to lure ravished Poland into anti-Russian revolt; not for the least love of Poland, but in the hope thus to embarrass Russia and to force a diversion of the pressure which that Power is exerting on the eastern battle front. With a great flourish of trumpets and fine phrases the Poles are told that their "ancient kingdom is reborn," and that "the glorious traditions of the ancient Polish armies shall revive." To all of which, however,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

several perfectly obvious and uncommonly strong strings are attached.

It will be remembered that this blandishment of the Teutonic Codlin follows at an interval of more than two years after similar but in some respects more definite and attractive overtures from the Muscovite Short; made for a corresponding purpose, and now officially repeated and reaffirmed with circumstance. It was in August, 1914, a few weeks after the beginning of the war, that Russia proclaimed the restoration of the old Polish kingdom. Nobody supposed that it was for any love for the Poles, or was with a disinterested desire to atone for the wrong which had been done to that nation generations ago. It was recognized to be a war measure, pure and simple; intended to rally the Poles to the Russian standard and to avert the embarrassment that would be caused by having a rebellious or a disaffected Poland on the Russo-German frontier. In those respects it was similar to this German offer, or promise. But in others it was preferable to it.

Thus the Russian proclamation stated frankly that the new King of Poland would be the Russian Emperor; establishing a dynastic union between autonomous Poland and Russia somewhat like that between Austria and Hungary; or perhaps more like that which formerly existed between the Grand Duchy of Finland and Russia. That arrangement would doubtless be quite satisfactory to the overwhelming majority of the Polish people. They have no national dynasty. In old days they were accustomed to elect their kings, often from foreign courts, and from non-royal families, very much as France elects her Presidents; and they would have no objection to the Czar as their king, under constitutional guarantees. But the German proclamation, it will be observed, makes no promise concerning the king, but leaves it to be assumed that he will be a prince of Germany's selection and appointment, presumably a German prince, if not, indeed, one of the Kaiser's own younger sons. That is one of the strings which are attached to the gift, and it may be pretty confidently said that it is not calculated to be satisfactory to the Poles.

The Teutonic proclamation does not indicate the boundaries of the new Poland, but says that they " shall be outlined later." That is the second string attached to the promise; the three-fold strength of which is clearly inti-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mated. First, the boundaries are not to include any part of Posen or Prussian Silesia. Second, they are not to include Austrian Silesia, Galicia or Bukowina; but Austria will give to those provinces a special government of their own, under the rule of her emperor; similar, we may assume, to that under which Bohemia and Croatia have suffered chronic dissatisfaction. Third, therefore, they are to comprise nothing but Russian Poland, and only such portions of it as the Central Powers may succeed in taking from Russia by conquest. At best, therefore, the bid of the German Codlin for Polish favor is only about half as great, if indeed it is half as great, as that of the Russian Short.

There remains to be noted the third German string. That is seen in the statement with respect to the new national army which is to be formed. "The organization, instruction and command of this army," says the German pronunciamento, "shall be arranged by common agreement"; by agreement, that is to say, between Germany and Austria on the one side and Poland on the other. It would not be easy to say, in diplomatic periphrasis and euphemy, more explicitly and unmistakably, that the Polish army is to be under Prussian command and is to form an adjunct to the armies of the Central Powers. If we add to this the statement that the new kingdom is to have its guarantee of independence in "its intimate relations with both Powers," —to wit, Germany and Austria-Hungary—we may translate the whole story into the language of the man in the street, thus: "If the Poles will help the Central Powers take Poland from Russia, they may have it for their own under German suzerainty."

From the practical point of view, the overture comes too late. Russian Poland now exists only in ruins. It has been so ravaged by its German invaders that it can afford no strength nor advantage to its possessor, save to give its citizens to be "cannon fodder." Apart from that, possession of it would be a source of weakness rather than of strength. Save for the "cannon fodder" Germany would be better off without it than with it. We must regard the decree of autonomy, therefore, as a device of desperation. Germany has invaded and occupied Russian Poland, and has reduced it to the condition of a desert inhabited by starving wastrels. She cannot advance beyond it, and she cannot retire from it without acknowledging defeat. So,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since she must remain there, she makes this proclamation; thinking that it may lure into her army those of the Poles who have survived the besom of destruction with which she has swept their land, and may thus do her a little good and cause Russia some embarrassment. But the effect of it upon the progress of the war, or upon the settlement of affairs after the war, is likely to be a negligible quantity.

ARE AMERICANS POOR FARMERS?

Are we poor farmers? There was once a tradition that this was the greatest agricultural country in the world. Yet here we have been for some years actually importing agricultural products for our own consumption. And here is the President, in his first public address since the election, charging the high cost of living against our insufficient crops. "We ought," he says, "to raise such big crops that circumstances like the present can never recur, when men can make it appear as if the supply was so short that the middleman could charge for it what he pleased."

There is no doubt that the President is right. We ought to produce enough from our farms and gardens and orchards to supply our own needs at reasonable prices, and to make us secure against any such speculative manipulation of the market as that which the President alleges.

It is not so obvious, however, that the President is altogether right in another of his statements in the same address. "In the future," he says, "we have got to bring more of the area of the United States under cultivation than is under cultivation now." That may be. Doubtless it will be, with the inevitable increase of population. Of the continental United States, excluding Alaska, only about one-half is in farm land, and only about one-third is actually improved and cultivated. In Germany about 91 per cent of the total land area is under some form of cultivation. We may not be able ever to attain quite to that high percentage. But if we attained only two-thirds of it, we should be doubling our present cultivated area.

All that will come, in time. But there is good reason for thinking that the more immediate need is not what the President suggests, an increase of cultivated area, but rather an increased productiveness of the area now under tillage. Per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haps this will be made clear through a comparison of the United States with Germany.

Now the United States contains about 17 acres of land for each inhabitant, while Germany contains only about two acres and a quarter for each. Still more to the present purpose, the United States has eight and a half acres of farm land, or nearly six acres of actually cultivated land, for each inhabitant, while Germany has only a slight fraction over two acres. That is to say, we are, in proportion to our population, cultivating nearly three times as much land as Germany. Yet we produce so little that it is possible, according to the President's view of present conditions, for speculative middlemen to corner the market and force prices up to an artificial and abnormal figure, while Germany, girt about by an iron ring, manages to be self-sustaining.

The reason of this contrast becomes clear upon a comparison of our agricultural efficiency, as expressed in productiveness, with that of Germany. Let us take three of the principal farm crops, which are very largely raised in both countries. The United States has long vaunted itself as the foremost wheat raising country of the world, though it is that no longer, having now to yield place to Russia. It has in recent years increased its productiveness from an average of twelve or thirteen to nearly seventeen bushels to the acre. But in Germany the yield averages about thirty-one and a half bushels to the acre. Our crop of oats, too, is large and important, for human food as well as for horses. But we produce an average of only thirty bushels to the acre, while Germany produces fifty-eight. Greatest of all is the contrast in potatoes, a crop which has always been of prime importance for food for both men and animals, and which in late years has become important, also, in the arts, as a source of alcohol for industrial purposes. Its yield in this country varies somewhat according to the weather of the seasons, but averages about ninety-five bushels to the acre; while in Germany it averages more than 205 bushels.

Now it is obvious that if we could make our cultivation of the land as efficient as that of Germany, from our present cultivated area we should produce nearly twice as much as we now do. It is true that the cost of farm labor here is much higher than it is there. Yet there are some compensating conditions in our favor; and if farmers should get twice their present yield from each acre, they could easily

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

afford to spend more for labor. The least profitable farming is that in which a low rate of production is had on a large area. The most profitable is that in which intensive culture produces a large yield on a small area.

It is in scientific knowledge and adaptation of the soil, and in the use of fertilizers, that we lag behind Germany and other countries. It is in them that we need to make progress. To that end it would have been more to the point for the President to have said, not that we must get a larger area under cultivation, but that we must get larger returns from the area which we already have under cultivation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BRITISH BLACKLIST

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

FEW acts of the British Government during this war have been more widely misunderstood and, as a consequence, less favorably received in the United States than its publication last July of the so-called "blacklist." It staggered some of the warmest among the many warm supporters of the Allied cause in America. The pro-Germans fell upon it with a whoop of joy. The Press all but unanimously denounced it. Legitimate apprehensions and fantastic misapprehensions at once gathered around it. Some exceedingly plain-spoken language was used on the subject in Congress and the President was actually armed with certain powers of retaliation which he has not yet thought fit to use. Leagues were formed among traders in New York and elsewhere to urge vigorous action upon the Government. Protests poured into the State Department from places as remote from the scene of the European war as Manila and San Francisco. "Quite the most tactless, foolish and unnecessary act of the British Government during the war," wrote one of the sanest of the New York journals. Both in the popular and the official mind the "blacklist," it was very clear, aroused an equal degree of anxiety and resentment. It was felt to be an unwarrantable encroachment on "neutral rights." That it offended against international law was universally assumed. The discovery was even made that it violated a moral principle. "Morally, of course," declared the New York *Times*, "the thing is indefensible." Nobody apparently had a good word of any kind to say for this unclean offspring of an arrogant diplomacy. The best friends of the Allies could but shake their heads over it in mournful silence or disavowal. The "man in the street" became obsessed with the idea that the "blacklist" was the first clear sign of a British plot to "dominate the commerce

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the world." He had heard of the economic conference of the Allies at Paris. Here, he was convinced, he encountered its results in actual operation and in a highly sinister form. He pictured Great Britain as blacklisting, if necessary, the whole American continent, and he conveniently forgot to ask himself how such a proceeding would benefit British trade. I do not, indeed, know how any subject, least of all one of such transparent simplicity and directness, could have lent itself to greater distortions.

Even the State Department proved to be not immune from the prevailing hallucinations. On July 26, Mr. Polk, as Acting Secretary of State, addressed a note to the British Government that will scarcely, I think, rank among the happiest efforts of American diplomacy. It spoke of "The most painful surprise" with which the blacklist had been received by the people and Government of the United States; of the "harsh and even disastrous effects" it might have upon American trade and neutral rights; and of the limitless possibilities "of serious and incalculable interruption" to neutral commerce that were latent in it. Mr. Polk detected in the blacklist a principle that might render even American citizens in the United States liable to "punishment" should they choose to have business dealings with the proscribed firms. It "brushed aside," he announced, the main safeguards that had hitherto protected neutrals in time of war. It was "inevitably and essentially inconsistent with the rights of the citizens of all nations not involved in the war." In words of a sharpness unusual in diplomatic communications, Mr. Polk asserted of the blacklist that "it condemns without hearing, without notice and in advance." It was, he went on, "manifestly out of the question" that the Government of the United States should acquiesce "in such methods and applications of punishment to its citizens." While disclaiming any intention to shield Americans from the "legitimate consequences of unneutral acts or practices" he was accordingly constrained to call the attention of the British Government "in the gravest terms" to the "many serious consequences to neutral rights and neutral relations" which the blacklist "must necessarily involve." He wound up by opining that the British Government, being much absorbed in other directions, had acted in this matter without due reflection.

If the manner of this dispatch was not ingratiating, its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

matter suffered from the more serious blemish of being for the most part irrelevant. A great many of Mr. Polk's arguments were directed to what might happen if the blacklist were something totally different from what it is. Hardly once did he come to close quarters with its actual scope or purpose or effects and never once did he, nor as a trained lawyer could he, challenge the principle on which it rests. The perils he saw, or thought he saw, in it, and against which he declaimed so vigorously, were almost wholly imaginary. The consequences that he assumed as flowing from its enforcement could be produced only by a measure to which the blacklist bears but the smallest resemblance. There was, indeed, nothing in his note to show that he had mastered the case he set out to destroy. He was throughout tilting not at the blacklist as it is but at some legendary caricature of it that never had a genuine existence and never could have so long as the British Government retains even a modicum of political sanity. The real value of Mr. Polk's dispatch was that it summarised most of the fears and not a little of the confusion of thought to which the discussion of the subject has given rise in the United States during the past few months. Those fears and that confusion of thought still to some extent exist. Within the last week or two I have come across statements on the blacklist that were at least as remote from the facts as, let us say, the average communiqué of the German Admiralty.

Yet the facts are quite simple. The British Government has forbidden all British subjects in the United Kingdom to trade with certain specified firms and individuals in the United States. In doing so it is acting, of course, absolutely within its rights. That, I believe, has not been and cannot be disputed by anyone. It is one of the clearest and most fundamental prerogatives of a sovereign State to control in whatever way it pleases the trading relations of its own subjects. No issue of international law can possibly arise in this connection, any more than it can arise when a Government forbids its subjects to import certain commodities, as the British Government has constantly done during the war. Such prohibitions fall entirely within the category of those rights the exercise of which is inherent in every State merely because it is a State. It is not a matter of international law at all, but simply and solely of municipal law. If the British or any other Government chooses to put a stop to commer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cial relations between its nationals and certain persons in foreign lands and to impose penalties on such of its subjects as may disobey the order, that is altogether its own affair. No outside Government can challenge, none as a matter of fact has challenged, its liberty to do so. Certainly from the United States Government there has come no word of criticism that would even distantly suggest that Great Britain, in enacting these restrictions, was offending against any canon of international law or overstepping even by an inch the privileges that are inalienable from independence. You may criticise the policy of the blacklist from the standpoint of expediency or effectiveness; you may say that its military value is out of all proportion to the irritation it arouses; but you cannot deny its validity as an instrument of sovereignty. The New York journal which observed that the first thing to be said about it was that "Americans do not derive their right to trade from the consent of the British Government," very cleverly missed the whole point. The right of Americans to trade is not affected in any way by the blacklist. What is affected is the right of British subjects to trade with them; and that right can be abridged by the British Government in whatever fashion British interests demand. Great Britain by issuing a blacklist impairs no privilege or liberty of any American citizen, penalizes them not at all. They lie entirely outside its jurisdiction, and it claims no sort of authority over their affairs except such as is conceded by international law to every belligerent. The people whose trade the blacklist restricts are British subjects. The people upon whom falls the punishment for evading these restrictions are also British subjects. It is impossible therefore to pretend that in formulating these restrictions and instituting these penalties the British Government is in any single particular acting *ultra vires*.

That much being established, let us see what the blacklist is and what it does. It forbids British subjects *in the United Kingdom* to trade with certain firms and individuals in the United States. I have italicised the words "in the United Kingdom" because the impression prevails in America that the prohibition applies to the whole British Empire and to all British subjects wherever resident. That is not so. It is confined to those British subjects that are resident and carry on business within the area of the United Kingdom. To make it operative throughout the Empire would necessi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tate the passing of similar legislation and the publication of an identical blacklist in every Crown Colony, Dependency, and self-governing Dominion under the British flag. Nothing of the kind has been attempted or even thought of. To make it operative, again, in neutral countries and wherever British subjects have planted themselves outside of British jurisdiction, would be flatly impossible. The blacklist, I must repeat, only prohibits trading between British subjects *in the United Kingdom* and certain corporations—about thirty in number—and certain individuals—about eighty in number—in the United States. There is nothing in it to prevent a British subject in Canada, for instance, or the Argentine from continuing and developing whatever commercial relations he may have with the American firms and persons named in the blacklist.

Another misconception which is singularly prevalent in the United States is that the blacklist is aimed with invidious sharpness at America and at American trade. That is the very reverse of the facts. In the first place the American blacklist is only one of many such lists. The British Government has found it necessary to cut down the trade of British subjects with firms not only in the United States but in every other neutral country without exception. More than that, it has cut down the trade of British subjects with firms and individuals domiciled in the countries of its Allies. There is, for example, a blacklist in Japan, readily concurred in and loyally supported by the Japanese Government. That disposes completely of the notion that Americans and American commerce have been singled out for special discrimination. United States citizens stand in this respect precisely on the same footing as the nationals of all other neutral lands. But the idea that the blacklist is directed against American or Brazilian trade or the trade of any other non-belligerent country rests on a hopeless misconception of its purpose. Its purpose, and its sole purpose, is to damage Germany. It has no other object in the world except to hamper Germany's commercial operations, diminish her resources, and so impair her capacity to maintain the war. Until that is grasped, until it is thoroughly realized that the blacklist is a defensive military measure expressing itself in terms of commerce but directed exclusively against the Central Powers, there can be no real approach to understanding it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It follows from this that no firm has been placed on the blacklist either in the United States or elsewhere unless the British Government is satisfied that it is actively engaged in assisting the enemy. What qualifies a firm for inclusion in the blacklist, what makes it necessary to prohibit British subjects in the United Kingdom from having any dealings with it, is its German nationality or its German associations. A New York house carrying on a legitimate and genuinely neutral business with another house in Argentina or Holland or even dealing in non-contraband goods with Germany itself, has nothing to fear from the blacklist. But a New York house that actively espouses the German cause and uses its trading connections to add to Germany's military strength, is not unnaturally an object of British suspicion. There are many such German or semi-German firms all over the world. Viscount Grey, in his note of October 10, said:

> The experience of the war has proved abundantly, as the United States Government will readily admit, that many Germans in neutral countries have done all in their power to help the cause of their own country and to injure that of the Allies. In fact, it would be no exaggeration to say that German houses abroad have in a large number of cases been used as an integral part of an organization deliberately conceived and planned as an engine for the furtherance of German political and military ambitions. It is common knowledge that German business establishments in foreign countries have been not merely centres of German trade, but active agents for the dissemination of German political and social influence and for the purpose of espionage. In some cases they have even been used as bases of supply for German cruisers, and in other cases as organizers and paymasters of miscreants employed to destroy by foul means factories engaged in making, or ships engaged in carrying, supplies required by the Allies. Such operations have been carried out in the territory even of the United States itself, and I am bound to observe, what I do not think will be denied, that no adequate action has yet been taken by the Government of the United States to suppress breaches of neutrality of this particularly criminal kind, which I know they are the first to discountenance and deplore.

When the British Government comes across a firm of this character and occupied in these activities, what does it do? It says to its own subjects: "This firm is in effect an enemy firm. It is working all day long in Germany's interests. To that we have no objection. It is acting within its rights. We have neither the wish nor the intention to interfere with its operations except when they transgress

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our rights as a belligerent under international law. But we are not going to allow you, who are British subjects and under our jurisdiction, to furnish this firm with business facilities and to swell its business profits when we know that those facilities and those profits are being used to help the enemy and damage us. We therefore forbid you to have any dealings with it. It may ship goods wherever it likes, but it shall not do so in British bottoms. It may finance Germany to its heart's content, but not through British banks. It may carry on its business transactions and communications with Germany and with neutral countries to the full limit of its capacity, but not by the help of British cables. It may use its profits in any ways that its ingenuity may suggest to aid the enemy, but it shall do so without the assistance of British traders. We put it on a blacklist and we forbid you to have any dealings with it. We do so because evidence that seems to us conclusive is in our possession that this firm to the best of its power and ability is siding with the enemy and against us. We therefore send it—as far as you are concerned, but not as far as anyone else is concerned—to a commercial Coventry. You are hereby ordered to boycott it, and we shall visit with heavy penalties all of you who disobey this order. No British subject in the United Kingdom, if we can prevent it, shall help to buttress the firms that are actively assisting the enemy of Great Britain."

Is there in this anything unreasonable, anything arbitrary, anything that trenches on neutral rights, anything that interferes with genuinely neutral commerce? Is not the blacklist, indeed, a weapon with which in our modern world of international credit and trading—a world so circumstanced that a German firm in New York can frequently be more useful to the German Government than a similar firm in Hamburg or Berlin—no belligerent can afford to dispense? I was greatly struck with the candor with which more than one of the firms that appeared on the American blacklist admitted that it had no complaints to make. "It is difficult," said one, "to see what redress can be secured, if any. The British Government has a right to tell its subjects whatever it pleases." "I do not see," said another, "what there is to be done about it. It is the fortune of war. War is war, and what the British have done, I dare say the Germans would do if they had the opportunity, or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we Americans either, for that matter." There is a point in this latter remark which Americans, as it seems to me, might well ponder. It is as certain as anything can be that if and when the United States is involved in a struggle of the first-class, the blacklist will be an essential and indispensable instrument of American warfare; and it distresses me, as an old and sincere friend of the country, to see, in this as in so many other cases, the American Government taking up positions that it will be forced to abandon under the necessities of any great crisis.

It is, of course, possible that mistakes have been made in the compilation of the blacklist and that firms have been included in it that are innocent of any pro-German or anti-Ally activities. If so, as it has proved already in several instances, the British Government stands ready to correct the error, to remove the firm from the index and to restore to it the use of British ships, banks, cables and other facilities. But such mistakes must be very rare. How many Americans, I wonder, have any idea of the amount of information that is at the disposal of the British Government in all these matters? How many even realize that all cable communications between not only Germany and her Allies but between all the adjacent neutral countries on the one hand and the outer world of Asia, the United States and South America on the other, are in British possession or the possession of Britain's Allies? It is only and specifically as "an act of grace" on the part of the British Government that any cablegram can pass between Europe and the United States, or indeed between Europe and the rest of the world. I need hardly say that every cablegram is read by the British censors, that all wireless messages are similarly laid before them, and that the examination of the mail-bags supplies the last link in the chain of evidence. One may be pretty sure, therefore, that when the Government concludes that a given firm should be placed on the blacklist it has some substantial reasons for its decision and a very complete *dossier* with which to support them. Nevertheless mistakes must from time to time occur. When they do occur, and when it is demonstrated that they have done so, the British Government is only too happy to correct them.

It is only too happy for a reason that is so simple and so fundamental that a great many people overlook it. That reason is that it is not to the interests, but very much against

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the interests, of the British Government to contract in any way the flow of British foreign trade. All British commercial policy is based on the theory that whatever impedes foreign commerce is bad and whatever expands it is good. And at a time like this it is of peculiar moment that Great Britain should maintain and if possible develop her foreign trade. On it she has built up her wealth and on her wealth depends her ability to support herself and her Allies through this stupendous conflict. There is absolutely no expansion of British foreign trade that the British Government just now would not welcome with especial heartiness. Yet this is precisely the moment it has chosen to inaugurate a policy that benefits neutral commerce and handicaps British. Of the many foolish things that have been said about the blacklist the most foolish of all is that it is part of a British campaign to dominate the trade of the world. As a matter of fact it is British subjects that suffer most from the operations of the blacklist through the severance of old connections, and the great difficulties, in such times as these, of forming new ones. It is British shipping companies, British importers, British financial houses, and so on, that find themselves cut off from business in neutral lands with firms that before the war and before the blacklist they traded with pleasantly and profitably. In some cases this business is lost altogether. In others it is diverted into genuinely neutral hands that have no taint of enemy association. In either event the British trader stands to suffer and the volume of British commerce to contract. That was one of the foreseen and inevitable results of the blacklist. But it could not be helped if the assistance that the Central Powers have derived from neutral lands was to be effectively checkmated. The British Government, so far from dreaming of a campaign of commercial conquest, demands through the policy of the blacklist sacrifices from its subjects which make it increasingly difficult for them to hold what trade they have. It does so in the overwhelming conviction that these sacrifices are worth the one object it has in view—the crippling of Germany. But whenever it finds that it can lessen the sacrifice without defeating the object, self-interest of the most compelling character urges it to seize the opportunity. Every name that can safely be removed from the blacklist adds something to the freedom of British trade. Every name that has to be kept on it by so much interrupts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that growth of British foreign commerce which was never of such vital consequence to Great Britain as now.

It is an old principle that the subjects of a belligerent Power should not trade with the enemy. But the definition of what constitutes enemy character has never been a matter of international agreement. France and Germany hold that it is settled by nationality or domicile. The French law forbids French citizens to do any business with enemy subjects wherever domiciled. The German law is to the same effect. No French citizen can trade today with any individual in the United States who owes allegiance to Germany. No German subject can trade with any individual in the United States who owes allegiance to any of Germany's enemies. The British and the American practice in such matters has been different. Great Britain and the United States used to argue that enemy character was determined by domicile alone. Thus a British subject might and still may lawfully trade with a German in the United States or anywhere else outside of Germany, but might not and may not trade with anyone in Germany itself. This rule was derived from the days when communications were bad and when it was practically impossible for anyone to help his country in time of war unless he were actually living in it. But nowadays, as I have said, a wholly new set of conditions obtains, and a German firm in New York or Copenhagen or Rotterdam, or a firm working in those cities in German interests, can often, and particularly in a war like the present, be of greater assistance to Germany than a firm of the same character in Dresden or Wilhelmshaven. The fact is that the old Anglo-American practice of regarding domicile as the test of enemy character has become wholly obsolete. The British Government, however, has not adopted the Continental doctrine that enemy character is settled either by domicile or by nationality. It has not proclaimed all German subjects in the United States or elsewhere to be enemies and as such debarred from all trading relations with Great Britain. It would have been fully justified in doing so by the established principles of international law. But it refrained from taking a course so certain to lead to confusion and mischief. Had it done so every firm and corporation with a German-sounding name would have come under suspicion. British subjects, in order to know with whom they were dealing, would have been obliged to ask for

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

credentials and guarantees, and the consequent uncertainty would have been little less than disastrous to American and neutral as well as to British interests.

In the blacklist the British Government has devised a weapon so far preferable to either the French and German or to the old British and American practice, that it must always, I should think, find a place in the recognized armory of the leading Powers. Its virtue is that it discriminates. It does not, for instance, place all German subjects in the United States under the ban. It leaves absolutely untouched all firms and individuals, even though of German nationality, that are engaged in innocent neutral trade and that have not unmistakably proved themselves to be working on behalf of the enemies of Great Britain. It is precise and definite and allows everyone to know just where he is. I have seen the suggestion made that there was no need to publish the blacklist, that the same results could have been secured without publicity, by hints and intimations and secret circulars or some sub-rosa arrangement. But in the first place the same results could not have been secured—imagine the British Government in the midst of Armageddon confidentially notifying hundreds of thousands of British traders they were not to deal with such and such a firm in Brazil or the United States; and in the second place, in these as in all other matters, the British, like the American Government, has an ineradicable preference for frankness. Granted that British facilities and British trade may rightly be withdrawn from the persons and corporations in neutral lands that are aiding the enemies of Great Britain, and I will defy anyone to suggest how it could have been done more considerately, more effectively or with less inconvenience to legitimate neutral trade than by means of the blacklist. For it must not be forgotten that the blacklist is only a white-list in disguise. By forbidding British subjects to deal with the few, it invites them to go on dealing with the many. If it condemns, say, thirty American firms, it also by implication exonerates all the rest.

But " the glaring vice " of the blacklist, I read, is that it " threatens something like a secondary boycott ", and that it is not merely a blacklist of firms that have traded with Germany, but " amounts to an embargo also upon American firms trading with the blacklisted concerns." That is a complete hallucination. No such secondary boycott as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is hinted at was ever contemplated by the blacklist or can conceivably arise from it. What possible concern of the British Government could it be that an American firm in Wisconsin should carry on its normal and entirely legitimate business with a blacklisted firm in New York or Buenos Ayres? And even if the British Government had the leisure or the inclination to interest itself in such irrelevancies, by what magic arts could it inform itself of the facts? Americans can readily resolve all such conundrums for themselves by remembering that it is only firms which are actively assisting Germany that the British Government is proceeding against, that it is proceeding against them solely by forbidding British subjects in the United Kingdom to trade with them, and that the one and only object of its policy is not to damage neutral interests but to damage Germany. If an American firm were to step into the shoes of a blacklisted firm, were to continue its pro-German activities or to act as its cloak, then of course the newcomer would likewise be promoted to the blacklist. If a neutral ship, carrying the goods of a blacklisted firm, were to put into a British port and to attempt to buy bunker coal, the privileges it was in search of would naturally be refused. There is little enough coal and shipping as it is; and the British Government can hardly be expected to furnish the one and facilitate the other when both are being used to meet the needs of pro-German and anti-British agencies. With these two exceptions the blacklist has no derivative consequences of a kind that can militate against any genuine neutral trader. It is aimed exclusively at traders who have not been neutral but on the contrary the strenuous supporters of Great Britain's enemies. For that reason, and for that alone, they have been denied not the right to trade with Germany or any other country, but the privilege of carrying on that trade through the medium of British houses, British banks, British cables and British ships. The moment they decide that the British connection is, after all, more desirable than a continued conspiracy against the neutrality of the countries in which they are domiciled, that moment will see the restoration of all British facilities and the resumption of the old relationships.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME OBJECTIONS TO THE FEDERAL FARM LOAN ACT

BY MYRON T. HERRICK

THE original object of the rural credits movement was to put the farmer on an equality with any other borrower in money centers. The way this was to be accomplished was the organization of the farmers and the mobilization of their resources.

But "mortgages with interest rates as low as those of government bonds" became the keynote, and the movement evolved itself into a demand for cheap loans through intervention and aid of Government. The result is the Federal Farm Loan act, which has started the Government off on a use of public cash and public credit for private individuals on a scale never attempted in any other country.

For the purposes of the act a bureau in charge of a Federal Farm Loan Board, composed of the Secretary of the Treasury and four other presidential appointees, has been established at Washington in the Treasury Department. Within one month after it was opened it was swamped, according to press reports, with letters from over 100,000 applicants for treasury funds. At $1,000 apiece this first batch of applications would be $100,000,000—a fair indication of what the people may expect from the Government's going into the farm-mortgage business.

And this is exactly what the Government has done, despite protestations that the venture is temporary only, and notwithstanding the complex system that will intervene between the borrower and the Treasury Department. The system covers all continental United States, except Alaska, and its facilities are as freely available for aliens as for citizens who own or seek to own farm land within States

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

having satisfactory laws. The members of the Federal Farm Loan Board and all its appointees and employees are public officers or servants. The Government's obligations will arise from this fact, and from the direct participation by a bureau of the Treasury Department in the organization and administration of the system and especially in the issuance of "farm loan bonds."

The Secretary of the Treasury is to prepare these bonds. They may bear any interest rate up to five per cent. per annum and run for any period over five years. Government officials are to appraise and hold their collateral, and certify as to their form and issue being approved by the Federal Farm Loan Board and regular and legal in all respects. The bonds are lawful as security for all public deposits and as investment for all fiduciary and trust funds, and they may be bought and sold by member banks and, with certain restrictions, by reserve banks of the Federal Reserve system. Finally the act expressly declares them to be "instrumentalities of the Government of the United States."

The meaning of "instrumentalities" has not yet been defined by the courts, but whenever the decision is made it will undoubtedly be that the word, construed with its context, implies an ultimate if not a direct obligation of the Government. No foreign nation would tolerate a different decision, or to reverse the case, no administration at Washington would let a Central American country, for instance, shirk or shift responsibility. So farm loan bonds is not a correct name for them, in the sense that land values will have anything to do with their salability or supposed soundness. Holders will buy them upon the good faith and honor of the United States, and will have every warrant for believing they are guaranteed by it.

The act provides for two kinds of institutions for issuing the bonds, and for supplying the collateral for them, and for receiving and paying out the money for their interest and principal. These are to be any number of joint stock land banks and twelve federal land banks. Farm mortgages executed to any of them are also instrumentalities of the Government of the United States to the same degree as the bonds. So very naturally the act authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to designate both kinds of institutions to be financial agents and depositaries of the Government, since the machinery for issue and redemption of their credit in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struments ought, of course, to be in keeping with their high quality.

The circulation of the bonds may equal the full face value of the underlying collateral and extend to fifteen times the capital stock and surplus of joint stock land banks and twenty times the capital stock and surplus of the federal land banks. The Federal Farm Loan Board may permit increases of capital stock indefinitely. In other words, a bureau in an executive department is given absolute discretion to involve the Government in debt at an interest rate higher than ever paid during peace or prosperity and without any limit on amount or period, and this in face of the Constitution which says that only Congress can "borrow on the credit of the United States." Wisdom would dictate that such a power should not be delegated, even were it constitutional to do so.

There may be as many joint stock land banks as the Board deems fit to charter. Each shall have a capital stock of at least $250,000, and divided into double-liability shares, and a territory of not over two contiguous States. The bonds shall be distinctive in color, form, and markings; they are not to be officially certified, but they shall be exactly like those of the federal land banks in all other respects. The Government shall not subscribe to shares nor fill any of the offices. The shareholders, directors, and officers will all be private persons organized solely for profit. In view of this fact, their right to issue farm loan bonds or to take mortgages of the kind specified is liable to attack in the courts on account of unconstitutionality, or at least before Congress because of the wrong and danger in allowing investors, possibly speculators, to use Government instrumentalities for financing a private business or to enjoy the other special privileges. Moreover, they are handicapped by defective and carelessly worded clauses ambiguous at important points, and have purposely been disadvantaged in various ways. So material amendments must be made, before land banks of this kind can be seriously considered as permanent or effective parts of the system. However, they would be a good base for revision, if the act is to remain in some form or other on the statute books, since, differently from the federal land banks, they may lend directly to the farmer without requiring him (perhaps) to become a stockholder or subjecting him to all the other onerous conditions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The twelve federal land banks shall be established by the Federal Farm Loan Board, which shall prescribe for each a district embracing whole States, select its first board of five directors, and order the Secretary of the Treasury to supply, without dividends, all of its minimum capital stock of $750,000 not otherwise subscribed. The Secretary of the Treasury may make deposits with the federal land banks provided the aggregate does not exceed $6,000,000 at any one time. But deposits of public moneys made under this provision, or under the general provision which authorizes him to designate land banks of either kind as Government depositaries, can not be invested in farm mortgages or farm loan bonds. They are available only for what he may deem to be temporary uses—a peculiar restriction to be explained later on. Only receipts from customs are excepted from the public moneys that may be deposited. Each federal land bank may issue certificates against deposits of public moneys, to be redeemed at the Secretary's discretion with interest not to exceed the current rate charged for other Government deposits. There is no regulation regarding interest or amount for Government deposits with joint stock land banks.

As indicated above, the federal land banks can not make farm loans directly. They are a fifth wheel in the system. Although empowered to open branches in the farthermost corners of their districts, nevertheless, during the first year's life of the act they can lend to the farmer only through national farm loan associations. These are not independent associations. They can not issue bonds nor raise money by any other means from outside sources for farm mortgaging on their own part. Their sole functions are to guarantee mortgages executed by members, and to indorse them over to the federal land bank of their district; and to receive deposits from either members or non-members in any amounts, to be forthwith transmitted to said bank for investment in farm loan bonds. Depositors have twelve months in which to choose to take such bonds. In the meanwhile they may draw interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum. An association can admit only borrowers to membership. All directors and officers, except the secretary-treasurer, shall be elected from among members, no member having more than twenty votes.

Each member must subscribe for one five-dollar double-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liability share for every $100 of his loan or major fraction thereof. On a $2,050 loan, for instance, this would be $105. The shares shall be pledged along with the mortgage for security. Then comes the complexity of the system. The association shall contribute to the capital stock of the federal land bank a like percentage of all money obtained from it on the mortgage. The certificates issued for this stock shall not be transferred or hypothecated. But they may, at the bank's discretion, be retired upon return of the money, provided the bureau at Washington approves. They must be retired upon payment of the loan. In such case the association shall pay off and retire the corresponding shares of its own capital that were issued to the member. As a consequence, the capital both of national farm loan associations and of the federal land banks is variable. It may be increased to meet demands, and decreased to any amount above the proportion to liabilities prescribed for the minimum. This for an association is five per cent. of outstanding loans, and so it must stop lending when the principal remaining unpaid on the mortgages guaranteed equals twenty times the face of the bank's stock certificates that it holds.

Only national farm loan associations and the United States can vote in federal land banks. When the stock certificates of all the associations in a district equal $100,000, they shall elect six directors (of whom one at least must be a farmer) and the Federal Farm Loan Board shall elect three directors. These nine shall replace the original five and take over the management. When the certificates equal $750,000, the bank shall apply semi-annually one-fourth of all subsequent subscriptions to the retirement of the shares representing its original capital stock. This, of course, with the object of letting the Government withdraw as a stockholder. But over $180,000,000 of farm loan bonds could be in circulation by the time this provision becomes effective, and many more could be issued before the last share can be withdrawn. So the right has very slight importance in relieving the Government from responsibility. There is no limit on an association as to number of members or total of all loans, nor as to territory except the confines of a district. The only reason to expect that it will be small is that its incorporators may be ten or more natural persons applying for loans aggregating $20,000, and that the bureau at Washington is urging that one or more of such associations be formed in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every county in the United States. Charters can not be granted, except by the Federal Farm Loan Board with the consent of the district bank. So there will probably be numerous small associations at the start, with consolidations and greater size as time goes on.

The purchase of fertilizers and live stock and the buying, improving, and equipping of farm land situated within its territory are the only purposes for which a national farm loan association may extend credit. But the effect of this restriction is considerably modified by the fact that the Federal Farm Loan Board may define the words expressing the last two purposes, while the association may lift the owner's debt contracted for the purposes mentioned, or for any purpose if the debt existed at the time the charter was granted. The amount to one borrower shall not be less than $100 or more than $10,000. Nor shall it ever be larger than one-half the land's value, plus one-fifth the value of improvements. This of course is too low, except in outlying districts. The period shall be between five and forty years. Payment shall be by annual or semi-annual installments including interest not exceeding by more than one per cent. that borne by the latest series of bonds of the district federal land bank, together with a part of the principal sufficient to extinguish the debt within the agreed period. Thus the interest can not exceed six per cent. per annum. Prepayments in multiples of $25 are allowed, but only after the first five years. Defaults shall draw eight per cent. interest per annum and render all unpaid principal due. No sale can be made, except with the bank's consent and unless the assignee assumes the borrower's obligations on his shares and contract. In case of his death, his heirs or representatives have only sixty days within which to assume these obligations.

Besides subscribing for shares and pledging them, the borrower must give a first mortgage obligating himself, until the debt is paid, to cultivate the property, to keep it insured and free from all back taxes, liens, judgments and assessments, and to surrender possession in case the holder of the mortgage deems its security impaired or its terms violated in any particular. So the conditions are more than ordinarily severe. Should farm properties become generally encumbered with such Governmental instrumentalities, serious consequences might ensue from thus tying up their entire title for long periods for loans barely more than

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one-half their credit value. The remedy most likely to suggest itself would be to extend the system's functions to making additional loans with inferior liens, if not indeed even upon character security, just as Denmark has been obliged to do in order to prevent the execution to private parties of usurious second mortgages by borrowers who are in need of larger sums than the Government originally intended to lend them. But this would hardly be land credit.

If the borrower does not care to pay cash for his shares, costs, and charges he may have them added to the loan, provided they do not increase its size above the prescribed maximum. The effect of this would simply be to shave off from the loan a part of its usable principal and make the actual interest higher than its written rate. Besides accommodating borrowers individually in this way, a federal land bank may also advance to any of its associations at six per cent. per annum whatever money it may need for expenses; such advances to be repaid only out of dividends belonging to the association. It must also permit the association to deduct one-eighth of one per cent. semi-annually out of the unpaid principal of every loan, to be paid back from such dividends. Finally it may allow the association to retain one-fourth of its total holdings of the bank's stock, at a charge not exceeding six per cent. per annum. The intention of subsidy and bounty in these clauses is too evident to be mistaken. Government deposits may be used for these purposes. And just as politics made Government aid the basic feature of the act, so such expediencies will be the chief factor in determining the extent of the use of that aid.

If, for these purposes, the bank should employ any of its own capital stock it would have so much the less for true land-credit operations. If it should recoup the shortage from proceeds realized from sales of its bonds, it would have to borrow to pay the holders. It can not take any money from the mortgagors' repayments, since the act specifically sets these aside, when trusteed, for the redemption of the bonds. Nor is the case answered by saying that the bank is protected by the pledging of the shares. For the share contribution cannot be recovered until the debt is paid in full, while there will be no dividends if the system is to be composed, as it is hoped, entirely of borrowers. Moreover, the requirements for reserves and the scant opportunities

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for profits will prevent a normal accumulation of disposable surpluses; while heavy losses are not improbable because, although an association may be called upon to make defaults of its members good within thirty days, nevertheless, it can not be declared insolvent until the defaults of all associations in the district equal $150,000, unless it has been in default for two years. Therefore, if the bureau at Washington should pursue a policy of according these favors, the easiest means of financing them would be by Government deposits, unless perhaps private depositors be induced by Government-guaranteed interest to risk their money in this benevolent work.

The possible expenditures of the Government, through such a policy, would far exceed the $9,000,000 contributed for the original capitalization of the system. Indeed the outcome would be that, besides supplying the capital stocks of the federal land banks, the Government would also supply the initial and subsequent obligatory share capital of all national farm loan associations, and bear a large portion of the costs of their organization and lending operations. That is to say, the Government would invest for a long and indefinite time one dollar for every twenty dollars of loans in a way that would be of no practical benefit to borrowers. These singular favors can be accorded only to and through the associations. The provisions for them were inserted in the act, mainly with the idea of assisting the colonization of poor immigrants in rural sections through the aid of the cash and the credit of the Government. Average American farmers will have little use for the provisions. Nevertheless they will affect all who resort to the system, because the twelve federal land banks must mutually guarantee each other's bonds, and the issues have a first lien on their combined assets.

The qualifications for loans are the same for all units of the system, with the exception that joint stock land banks need not observe the restrictions respecting the purpose of the loan, the amount to one person, or the cultivation by the borrower of the mortgaged property. This, of course, must be situated within the unit's area. Beginning with July 17, 1917, *i. e.*, after the act has been in effect one year, federal land banks will not be required to confine their patronage exclusively to national farm loan associations. It will then be lawful for them also to obtain the qualified mortgages by indorsement from banks, trust

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

companies, mortgage companies, and savings institutions chartered by States and approved as agents by the Federal Farm Loan Board. The total outstanding indorsements of any such agent may equal ten times its capital and surplus. But it must guarantee the mortgages. In most States savings institutions can not, and the best banks will not, make guaranties. So the business will be left largely to trust and mortgage companies. But it will not be very attractive even to them.

The objections are: Such an agent can sell only mortgages containing the harassing conditions of the act; its guaranties must run for five and may run for forty years and be charged against its assets during all the period; the liability so incurred will reduce its capacity for ordinary and more profitable mortgaging; and its fee—one-half of one per cent. at the most—can be paid only in semi-annual driblets out of the unpaid principal, if the loan should bear the maximum rate of six per cent. per annum. True, the Government could advance the fee before being earned and charge it against the borrower to be paid back, however, only out of his dividends. But this practice would not be safe, particularly in case of long-term loans which might be suddenly terminated by death or default. Moreover, the mortgagor must contribute five per cent. of his loan to the capital stock of the federal land bank. Yet, absurd though it be, the shares which he is thus obliged to subscribe will not give him any voting right; although involving him in the risks of the entire system. No provision specifies that these shares shall be retired upon the payment of the loan. They may be a permanent investment. Agents, with State charters, may be completely cut out whenever the Federal Farm Loan Board thinks a district is adequately served by national farm loan associations. So, quite possibly, some too hopeful trust or mortgage company might unexpectedly find itself deprived of access to Government funds, after having piled up a big mass of long-term guaranties against its assets. Nevertheless, it may be required to collect and remit interest and principal payments without any compensation during all the time the loans are outstanding, and to make defaults good upon thirty days' notice.

The system is supervised and directed and controlled through the bureau at Washington. The Federal Farm Loan Board shall appoint one registrar for each district.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All applications to the treasury bureau for bond issues must be made through him, and with him must be trusteed all their collateral. It shall appoint one or more appraisers for each district. No loans on farm land can be made or taken without their approval. It shall appoint the examiners needed for proper supervision, and it may appoint such attorneys, experts, assistants, clerks, laborers, etc., as it deems necessary. As for the board itself, members are eventually to hold office for eight years, subject to removal for cause, their annual salaries are $10,000 with traveling expenses, and no more than two of the four shall be appointed from the same party. But with this slight exception, the civil service rules have been set aside. All appointments, dismissals, fees, and salaries are matters of the board's sole will and pleasure, the Government being compelled to pay all its outlays and the compensation of all its appointees and employees, except the preparing of the bonds and the salaries of the appraisers, which are to be apportioned among the land banks using them. Moreover, the courts have been ousted of jurisdiction. The board is vested with the power of granting and taking away charters, of suspending the business, of declaring the insolvency, of appointing receivers, and of winding up the affairs of land banks and associations.

Such is this governmental and frankly political system, nearly all of whose expenses and risks are to be borne by the people and to be met each year by appropriations, after the Speaker of the House of Representatives submits its report for consideration by Congress. Its special privileges are unparalleled. The aid which it may receive from the Government is unlimited. The unconstitutionality of the joint stock land banks seems to be beyond question. The same thing may be said of the federal land banks, since they also are intended eventually to be composed of and administered by private individuals. The legality of the whole act rests upon the very doubtful right of Congress to read anything into the Constitution—to decide any object to be a function of Government and then to construct, support, and manage the machinery for that object, under the general clauses which empower Congress to borrow or raise by taxation and to disburse money and to regulate interstate and foreign commerce.

In view of the governmental character, the system cer-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tainly ought never to have been authorized to make loans to aliens, especially since the taxpayers must foot the bill. The first qualification of the borrower should have been citizenship and he should not have been permitted, as may be the case, to sell his farm and go back to a foreign country with the profits realized from the Government's bounty. But in spite of the cheap money to be supplied through the Treasury Department and the Government's credit, the system has departed so widely from this course that not even has the declaration to become a citizen been imposed on any member, director, or officer of an association or joint stock land bank, nor upon any of the successors of the first managers of a federal land bank. Japanese of the Pacific slope, Mexicans on the southern borders, and other aliens who are being colonized from Atlantic seaboard ports may resort to it as legally as American farmers. Moreover, the system's operations ought to have been confined strictly to farm mortgaging, in exact accord with the promises and representations made to procure the passage of the act. But ulterior motives, not related to that subject, prevailed while the public was asleep. Let us see if this is not so.

The federal land banks may open branches. They may issue five-dollar non-assessable shares in any amount to any individual, rich or poor, or to any firm or corporation, large or small, or to any government, national or state. The shares can be retired, and they carry no voting right except in the hands of the United States or national farm loan associations. So they are practically deposit certificates. The Federal Farm Loan Board may, at its discretion, prescribe the times and conditions of payment and the total to be issued. Any stockholder, although owning but one share, may deposit money subject to check or otherwise. The associations may receive deposits at four per cent. to be transmitted to their bank. True, these are convertible only into farm loan bonds, and the interest may run for no longer than one year. But nothing prevents them from being withdrawn at the end of the year and placed in a new account. The land banks may also borrow money without any limit as to amount, interest, purpose, or period and give security therefor. This is in addition to bonds, and permits the assets to be encumbered with liabilities up to any extent, contrary to the sane practice of any well-regulated savings or land-credit institution. Such a blunder could have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

committed only on the presumption that the Government can and will guarantee all.

Thus every conceivable private and public source for funds has been tapped. What may be done with them? Farm mortgaging is not an obligatory nor exclusive function; it is merely permissive. A federal land bank may buy and sell United States bonds, and deposit its securities and current funds subject to check with any member bank of the Federal Reserve system, and receive interest at any agreed rate. It may use United States bonds, instead of farm mortgages, as collateral for its own bonds. It may redeem its bonds with any lawful money, but require the farmer to repay his loan in gold. Two very habitually heavy borrowers indeed have been introduced into the system as competitors of the farmer. The funds may be entirely withheld from farmers and used for financing any project or necessity of the Government, or for aiding private enterprises having no connection with agriculture. Much of them must be so used, because their withdrawable nature will prevent their investment in long-term loans to individuals.

The same powers have been given to joint stock as to federal land banks, except the former can not open branches or receive deposits. The federal land banks and national farm loan associations, excluding real estate but including capital and reserve and income derived therefrom, are exempt from federal, state, municipal, and local taxation. This is also the case with the bonds of both kinds of land banks and with mortgages executed to them. The system will be in fact a veritable network of exceptionally privileged and officially managed banks, branches, and local agents for centralizing at Washington the country's savings and stock of gold for such uses as may be determined by a bureau in the Treasury Department. The system will cause credit inflations and give fictitiously high values to farm land. It will upset the business of mortgage companies and brokers, perhaps tempting them to take mortgages secondary to the Government's lien but at excessive interest rates. It will disturb banking under State laws, forcing many institutions into the Federal Reserve system in order to regain access to deposits in this roundabout way. Indeed State banking could be badly crippled if the Federal Farm Loan Board should act with the Federal Reserve Board to that end.

As for any good the system can do farmers, this could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have been brought about as effectively through properly supervising, regulating, and encouraging private enterprise. So from the farmer's standpoint, the system is unnecessary and will prove harmful insofar as it may accustom him to depending upon the Government instead of relying upon himself. Having once been assisted by the Government in mortgaging, he might want such assistance for all other purposes. This could be done by a simple and very probable amendment, authorizing funds to be lent on security other than real estate. Then a long farewell would be given to the hopes for co-operation in which the rural credits movement was born. However, only time and bitter experience can fully awaken the people to the dangers of the system, while the farmers likewise may be slow to realize what they have lost through its detrimental effect on co-operation.

The system was established on the claim that it would be co-operative and managed exclusively for and by the farmers themselves. The claim is based on the provisions which permit borrowers in an association to elect its directors, and the associations of a district to elect the majority of the directors of the federal land bank, one or more to be engaged in farming. But as shown above, an association can not handle its own funds, or make any loans without the consent of Government appraisers. Nor can the bank make any loans without such consent, or issue any bonds unless authorized by the Federal Farm Loan Board. So the farmers would have no control even if they elected all the directors. Moreover, any investor may buy shares and participate in profits.

All this violates cardinal principles of co-operation. The system is purely governmental, with a scheme by which each borrower may be made liable for all the loans in a sum equal to ten per cent. of his own. The purpose of the scheme is, of course, to create a guarantee fund. Such a purpose, however, could have been served equally well by forbidding bonds to be issued in excess of ninety per cent. of their collateral, or by requiring all the reserve or one-fourth or more of capital stock to be invested in liquid securities. This would have been the better way because the borrowers, inasmuch as they can not manage the system co-operatively nor receive all the profits, ought not to be held mutually responsible for its losses.

MYRON T. HERRICK.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ELECTION AND PROHIBITION

BY L. AMES BROWN

A RE-ASSESSMENT of the strength of the prohibition movement is necessitated by the recent elections. Because of the advances the prohibitionists have made and the substantial character of the progress they anticipate, it is the part of wisdom for the American public to take stock of the issue anew, and prepare to deal with it wisely. The radical political changes in the country, evidenced so graphically in the election returns, surround all active public questions with a new atmosphere and alone would demand a more modern determination of the potential importance of the prohibition issue along with the others, even if no striking increases in the strength of the movement had been revealed.

The outcome of the elections, as affecting the prohibition movement, is set forth in the following paragraph from a statement issued by the Legislative Committee of the Anti-Saloon League following a meeting at Washington in November, at which the election returns were analyzed and plans made for a new campaign:

Michigan has voted for State-wide prohibition by 65,000 majority, Nebraska by 35,000, Montana by 20,000, South Dakota by 25,000, and Alaska by a large majority. Idaho has adopted a prohibition constitutional amendment by a majority of three to one, after ten months' experience under statutory prohibition. Utah and Florida have elected legislators and governors pledged to State-wide prohibition. Washington, Colorado, Arizona and Arkansas have defeated attempts of the liquor people to secure the adoption of proposals which would have crippled their prohibitory laws, and Oregon not only did this, but greatly strengthened her law. Thus, twenty-five States out of forty-eight—over half the States in the Union—have now adopted or declared for State-wide prohibition, and over sixty per cent of the population and over eighty-five per cent of the area of the country are now under prohibition law. In less than two years just passed, prohibition laws have gone into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

effect in States having a population of 12,000,000. The four States which have just voted dry have a population of more than 5,000,000.[1]

The Philadelphia *North American,* declaring that "the liquor traffic met the most overwhelming condemnation that has been visited upon it in half a century," points out other interesting phases of the election outcome. It refers to local option victories in Maryland towns; to a reduction of 100,000 in the "normal majority favoring the saloons" in Missouri; the election of a Republican Governor in Minnesota, who had declared for State-wide prohibition; the election of a Republican Governor in Illinois who had declared for a county local option law, and the election of two United States Senators in Indiana who had declared for national prohibition. The *North American* points out also that Michigan, Nebraska and South Dakota, which adopted State-wide prohibition in this election, had tried prohibition many years ago and repealed their laws.

The twenty-five States which the Anti-Saloon League announces have adopted or declared for State-wide prohibition are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Arizona, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Oregon, Washington, Utah, Oklahoma, Maine and Colorado. Thirty-two States must approve the suggested amendment to the Constitution in order that the movement succeed. Upon these facts Mr. Bryan predicates the statement:

"Prohibition is sweeping the country. It will be a Presidential campaign issue in 1920 if a Constitutional amendment is not submitted by Congress to the States by that time."

So much for specific data with regard to the achievements of the prohibitionists. They more than outweigh the belief of astute politicians that Mr. Hughes suffered severely in the recent campaign because the suspicion was entertained that he favored the restriction of personal liberty. The general character of the election itself must be examined carefully in connection with the study of the prohibition movement. Progressive political thinkers consider that the out-

[1] The percentages given by the Anti-Saloon League include population and areas under local option laws as well as State-wide prohibition laws.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come fully authenticates their belief that the political supremacy of the West has been established and that the decisive influence in the next national campaign will be exerted by a group of States, including California, Minnesota, Washington and Oregon, where independent progressive voters are in the majority. The outstanding issues of the next national campaign, it is reasoned, will be chosen by the progressive elements in both of the political parties. The chosen candidates of that campaign will be committed to many of the progressive issues discussed in this campaign, with such addenda as seem best to interpret the spirit of radicalism and to appeal to the sentiments of the West. The next national campaign, therefore, is expected to be a contest for the favor of Western progressives, so the immediate future of the national prohibition movement will depend upon its success in getting itself assimilated into the progressive movement. Thus speculation as to the outlook for this movement must center around the question whether it is yet or is to be one of the accepted progressive issues in our politics.

It cannot be questioned that, broadly speaking, the territory where prohibition sentiment is dominant is co-extensive with the progressive section of the country. While it is true that the South, which until the last few years was the main stronghold of the prohibition movement, is not progressive in the accepted political sense, and that California and Ohio, where President Wilson found a ready response to his progressive policies, have emphatically rejected Statewide prohibition, it is a fact that prohibition's most important strength has been gained in the strongholds of the progressive movement and that it has this close kinship with the acknowledged progressive measures: It is knocking at the doors of the East for consummation.

This first impression that the prohibitionist may expect to establish the validity of his claim to the support of progressives is borne out by an examination of the general character of the so-called progressive issues. It has most of the characteristics of the measures which make up the progressive propaganda. Like the Child Labor Law and some of the human welfare proposals embodied in the progressive propaganda, the prohibition idea presupposes the conviction that the end justifies the means of accomplishing reform; in other words, it justifies the over-riding of the Constitutional

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

principle that regulatory matters of this sort should be controlled individually by the States. Like the measures referred to, it emphasizes in its arguments possibilities of better living conditions, better standards of home life and of workmanship and of morality, and in general proclaims, as they do, the invigoration and uplift of the rank and file of our Commonwealth. The yardstick of progressivism, applied to the prohibition idea as it has been applied to legislative proposals in the present era, reveals a more than superficial relationship between them. The arguments for both are of a piece, and casual study would seem to justify confidence in the expectation that the next few years will find the prohibitionist at the head of the progressive council table. He is certain to sit at the head if he is admitted at all, for the efficient political machinery which he has constructed and manipulated so skilfully will demand it inevitably.

Though one cannot predict success for the national prohibition movement merely because it is likely to be put forward as a leading progressive issue, it is unfair to close one's mind as to the relationship between prohibition and progressivism without giving a hearing to the self-styled constructive radicalism of the East, which has established the sincerity of its progressiveness by the strokes delivered in behalf of the progressive measures dealt with in recent campaigns. Many of these men avow their opposition to national prohibition and assert that its attainable aims can be better approximated by other means of dealing with the drink evil. Capable of analyzing the unacademic and oftentimes unsound arguments of the propagandists of the Anti-Saloon League, the intelligent radical in the East demands a more complete educational preparation than has been afforded thus far. He demands that progress shall consist in the assimilation of uplift measures instead of the attempted enforcement of the legislation designed to be beneficial. Men who take this sound position of necessity give proper heed to the nation-wide experience that regulatory liquor laws cannot be enforced except where they are supported by public sentiment, and that the difficulties of enforcement are magnified commensurately with the size of the area in which a single standard of regulation is attempted. They consider also that prohibition, even local prohibition, is still in an experimental

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stage in cities; that it has never been attempted in any of the great centers of population, and that it is sheer foolhardiness to propose to set up a national standard of liquor legislation until more adequate data have been secured regarding the possibilities of overcoming the obstacles in cities, which Mr. Taft has declared are almost insurmountable. The constructive radical tempers his enthusiasm for reform with the knowledge that the drink evil is as old as any of the ills that beset humanity and that it is unlikely to be overturned by a single mandate. Clearer demonstration of the efficacy of prohibition in States, and particularly in cities, must be given before he will be willing to set up by law the provocation to dishonesty among lesser public officials and to illegality by otherwise good citizens which he discerns in national prohibition.

These things go to the heart of the constructive criticism of the prohibition movement. They invite attention from men who have familiarized themselves with the viewpoint of history on reform movements. Time gradually measures up or measures down the law to the standards of contemporary opinion. These alterations are essentially sound in their general trend. Eventually the public distinguishes between sound and unsound reform measures and eventually the pendulum swings backward, though all of the forward distance be not yielded. Even in the present outburst of approval for the prohibition movement in the States, heed should be given to the fact that in the middle of the last century a great body of the States adopted and later repudiated it, and to the possibility of a parallel between that prohibition movement and this one.

Passing from such fundamental considerations into the realm of practical politics, other considerations are ascertainable which should supply hand-brakes for the optimist. It is as certain as can be that when the final test does come on national prohibition, if come it must, a measurable divergence will be revealed between the strength of the prohibition movement in the States and in the nation. If no other section where prohibition flourishes raises a hand for the ancient traditions of our Government with respect to States' prerogatives, the South is certain to do so. The South adheres to the old order of things governmental even as other sections sweep on cloudily to things more up to date and for the time being called more lofty. The Southern prohibi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tionist who voted for State prohibition because it furnished a practical means of checking drinking among negro illiterates, will be a tardy recruit to a movement which would inflict his chosen system upon States which oppose it and at the same time would make it impossible for him to alter his own system should he choose to do so at some later time.

However one regards the movement itself, it is impossible not to admire its efficient propagandists for the speed with which they move forward and the sureness with which they strike. Within two weeks after the election they had mapped out their new programme and girded themselves for new struggles, determined to push the fight as rapidly as they can. This programme is set forth in the following:

THE SUBMISSION OF A NATIONAL PROHIBITION AMENDMENT:

With twenty-five States having declared for prohibition, with more than 60 per cent. of the population of the United States living in dry territory, Congress cannot longer deny the American people their sacred Constitutional right of passing upon the question of amending their Constitution in the manner which it provides. Congress should, at this approaching short session, pass the resolution to submit the amendment for national prohibition. Longer delay would be disloyalty to the principles of the Government which Congress serves, and gross injustice to the people who are making an heroic and efficient, though handicapped, effort to destroy the Nation's greatest evil.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA PROHIBITION:

The Nation's capital should be the model city of the world and should express the highest and best governmental policy in promoting human welfare. To allow it to remain, in its moral standards, below the average of the Nation, would be inexcusable and disgraceful. More than half the States and a majority of the people have adopted prohibition as their governmental policy. The capital of the Nation, governed by the representatives of the people, should be dry. Congress should pass at once the District of Columbia Prohibition Bill.

ANTI-LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENTS:

It is but common justice that prohibition territory should not be handicapped in the enforcement of prohibitory law. It is highly important that the National Government shall not aid and abet the liquor traffic in its defiance of law. The Federal Government should forbid liquor makers and dealers to use the United States mails to advertise their outlawed liquors in dry territory. With all dispatch,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Congress should pass the bill forbidding the use of the mails for advertising purposes in all States in which the laws of the States prohibit such advertising.

PROHIBITION FOR HAWAII:

The native people of Hawaii have suffered, and are suffering greatly at the hands of the greedy and conscienceless liquor traffic of America. Their appeal for deliverance is strong and pathetic. Congress should, without delay, pass a prohibition law for the Hawaiian Islands.

Conservative political observers at Washington concede that the prohibitionist leaders have at least an even chance for accomplishing the major parts of this programme, namely, the passage of a resolution submitting the Constitutional amendment to the vote of the States and the enactment of a prohibition measure for the District of Columbia. Nearly two years ago the prohibition resolution, which requires a two-thirds vote for passage, received a majority of 197 to 189 of those voting in the House, and the prohibition amendment to the District of Columbia bill was held off mainly by technical obstructions. President Wilson did not actively oppose the Hobson resolution, although he had declared against it, and his influence in the matter will be less potent, if anything, in the new Congress. Two years ago I was informed by a man who undoubtedly had the President's confidence that he would veto the District of Columbia prohibition bill, if it were passed, without being conditioned upon a referendum to the people of the national capital.

All of the surface facts support the prediction of the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* that the fight for submission of the constitutional amendment probably will succeed in the next Congress. The objection that the Congress will probably be so wrapt up in measures of national preparedness, especially those looking toward industrial preparedness, that it will not take up any purely domestic matters such as prohibition, on which a bitter fight is assured, is easily met by the prohibitionist leader. He accepts the whole national preparedness movement and tells you that no preparedness scheme is complete which does not embody provision for the fullest measure of physical and mental efficiency, while he himself subscribes to the opinion that prohibition would accomplish a higher degree of preparedness than all of the other proposals put together.

L. AMES BROWN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARAGRAPH TWENTY-FIVE OF THE NEW GERMAN CITIZENSHIP LAW

BY J. MATTERN

Assistant Librarian, Johns Hopkins University

HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS in *The New Map of Europe* tells us that "in recent years there has come to the front [in Germany] more than ever the theory that German nationality cannot be lost by foreign residence or by transference of allegiance to another State." To Gibbons' satisfaction "convincing proof of this is found in the new citizenship law, sanctioned with practical unanimity by the *Reichstag* and *Bundesrath,* which went into effect on January 1, 1914." As "the most interesting of all" he quotes: "Article XXV, section 2, of which says: 'Citizenship is not lost by one who before acquiring foreign citizenship has secured on application the written consent of the competent authorities of his home state to retain his citizenship.'" Commenting on this section 2 of § 25 he thinks that "the result of this law, since the war broke out, has been to place a natural and justifiable suspicion upon all Germans living in the countries of the enemies of Germany", inasmuch as, according to his opinion, "a legal means has been given to these naturalized Germans to retain, *without the knowledge of the nations where their oath of allegiance has been received in good faith,* citizenship in Germany."

The subject has been presented in like manner by many other writers. However, when viewed in its historical perspective, i.e., when viewed in the light of the debates in the *Reichstag* during the reading of the prospective law and in the light of comparison with the corresponding laws of other nations, the case assumes a somewhat different aspect.

Unquestionably Mr. Gibbons is right when he asserts that "in recent years there has come to the front [in Ger-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many] more than ever the theory that German nationality cannot be lost by foreign residence ''; but he is in error when he claims that a preponderance of opinion opposes also the loss of German citizenship " by transference of allegiance to another state.'' According to the old naturalization law of 1870, German nationality was lost by a ten years' residence abroad and by acquisition of foreign allegiance. By force of the new law, mere residence abroad does no longer entail the loss of the *Reichsangehoerigkeit,* while in principle and in practice the *Reichsangehoerigkeit* is still lost when its loss is considered as meeting with the intention of the German assuming foreign nationality. Unmistakably clear in this regard is what Dr. Clemens Delbrueck, Secretary of State for the Interior, said on February 23, 1912, during the debate on the first reading of the law in the *Reichstag.* " It has been stated ''—so we read—" that we must apply the principle that German nationality acquired by birth, wherever our cradle may have stood, can never be lost. This principle has been expressed in the maxim: *semel Germanus, semper Germanus.* However nice this may sound, applied to practical life it has its disadvantages and, on the other hand, has not the advantages expected. If we accept the principle that who has become a German, or who was born a German, must remain a German, we must at the same time at least admit that he who clearly and explicitly announces that he does not wish to remain a German cannot (or must not) forcibly be kept in allegiance to a country to which he does not desire to belong—especially if such forcible allegiance should create for him difficulties in his relations to the country which, as he rightly or wrongly believes, he should prefer to his own native land. In consequence thereof we have in the new bill eliminated the loss of the *Staatsangehoerigkeit* resulting from lapse of time, but we consider it imperative that the *Staatsangehoerigkeit* be lost when a German has acquired a foreign nationality by means of a formal application.'' The same thoughts are expressed by Dr. Emil Belzer, member of the Centre party in the *Landtag* and *Reichstag,* during the second reading of the proposed law. Dr. Belzer said:

> This bill intends to make an end of the unhappy state of affairs which permits Germans who desire to remain German nationals while residing abroad to lose their German citizenship [on account of such

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

residence in a foreign state]. As a rule the loss of German citizenship is entailed only when the individual explicitly declares his intention to give up the fatherland or when such intention must be assumed from the fact that he acquires foreign citizenship or that he neglects to fulfill his military obligations. It is clear that much is to be said against double allegiance. . . I need call your attention only to the international complications which might be the result. . . .

And thus § 17, section 2, decrees that:

> Citizenship is lost—
>
> By the acquisition of foreign citizenship (§ 25).

The § 25 here referred to contains, however, one proviso to section 2 of § 17, in so far as it makes to some extent or in exceptional cases the loss of German nationality through acquisition of foreign citizenship subject to the willingness of the individual to lose his *Reichsangehoerigkeit.*

While section 1 of § 25 stipulates that:

> A German . . . loses his citizenship on acquiring foreign citizenship, provided the foreign citizenship is acquired as a result of his own application. . . .

section 2 provides that:

> Citizenship is not lost by one who before acquiring foreign citizenship has secured on application the written consent of the competent authorities of his home State to retain his citizenship. . . .

This section 2, as far as quoted, has given rise to the opinion, expressed by Gibbons, that thus "a legal means has been given to the naturalized Germans to retain, *without the knowledge of the nations where their oath of allegiance has been received in good faith,* citizenship in Germany."

But in order to give such an interpretation the semblance of merit Gibbons was forced to, and actually did, suppress the rest of section 2 and the entire section 3 of § 25. The closing sentence of section 2 stipulates that:

> Before the consent [to retain German citizenship] is given the German consul is to be heard.

Section 3 states that:

> The Imperial Chancellor may order, with the consent of the Federal Council, that persons who desire to acquire citizenship in a specific foreign country, may not be granted the consent provided for in paragraph 2 [i.e. section 2 of §25].

And Gibbons further suppresses § 36, which orders that:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Treaties concluded by the Federal States with foreign countries prior to the going into effect of this law remain undisturbed.

There is being circulated in the United States a leaflet, apparently of unknown origin, which also gives this § 25 in the curtailed form chosen by Mr. Gibbons. This leaflet then proffers an opinion similar to that expressed by Gibbons, quoting an unnamed "international law review" to the effect that "a text like Paragraph 2 of Article 25 *is a direct invitation to fraud and perjury.*"

The meaning of the parts suppressed is that each individual case, where a German applying for foreign citizenship desires to retain his *Reichsangehoerigkeit,* is subject to the consent of the Imperial Chancellor and the Federal Council, such consent being dependent upon the report of the German consul abroad, who passes on the merit or the demerit of everyone of these applications. From the clauses suppressed it appears further that section 2 of § 25 is not applicable to Germans who have become citizens in countries whose treaties with the "German states" preclude double citizenship in whatever form; that the countries not having any such treaties with the German states know very well what to expect from their new citizens; and that, if the procedure sanctioned by the new German law deserves to be called an "*invitation to fraud and perjury,*" the foreign Governments which, under the given conditions, continue to naturalize German immigrants must be considered as the participants in guilt. Of this last phase more will be said anon.

That the conditions created by section 2 of § 25, while eminently satisfactory from the German point of view, would by no means be accepted without criticism abroad was indeed expected by those responsible for the new state of affairs. But according to the German view this new measure seems to be considered as to some extent retaliatory in character and, in the opinion of the German legislators, seems to constitute a somewhat belated attempt to follow the time-honored practice of Germany's shrewd and experienced rival across the Channel. Such at least are the thoughts voiced in the *Reichstag* by Baron von Richthofen, chairman of the committee appointed to frame the new law. "We also welcome the fact"—so he said during the debate on the first reading—"that the bill permits

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Germans who, for motives of an economic kind, are compelled to acquire a foreign nationality, to retain at the same time the *Reichsangehoerigkeit*. This subject has frequently been discussed in the foreign press. It cannot, of course, be ignored that those countries which make the permit of certain economic activities conditional upon acceptance of their citizenship, view it with disfavor if at the same time the *Reichsangehoerigkeit* is retained. The country which has voiced an opinion on this subject is Russia. But I think that we need not pay too much heed to this fact, since the bill provides that a German acquiring foreign citizenship can retain his *Reichsangehoerigkeit* only upon application, so that it is absolutely optional with him to renounce his old allegiance. As far as other countries are concerned the conditions resulting from the new law are extremely desirable. I need but remind you of the fact that in England admission to the Exchange is granted a German merchant only if he possesses English citizenship. It is certainly very hard that every German desirous of doing business at the London Exchange should be compelled to give up his *Reichsangehoerigkeit*. And further, in the countries of Latin South America it is by no means easy for a German who does not possess the citizenship of those countries to compete with those who have become citizens. I also wish to call your attention to the fact that in this respect England, for instance, has shown us the way, inasmuch as that country permits its nationals to acquire foreign citizenship while at the same time retaining their own; and that up to the present one has not heard that this has prompted any other state to voice a complaint."

What Baron von Richthofen here says of English double citizenship applied, of course, to the time this statement was made. Since 1914, however, England seems to have mended her ways in this respect. The British Nationality and Status of Aliens Act of August 7, 1914, in section III, No. 13, states, without any proviso, that:

> A British subject who, when in any foreign state and not under disability, by obtaining a certificate of naturalization, or by any other voluntary and formal act becomes naturalized therein, shall thenceforth be deemed to have ceased to be a British subject.

The loss of British nationality was for the first time, and then only conditionally, acceded to by England in 1870.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Section 6 of the Naturalization Act of that year agrees that:

> Any British subject who has at any time before, or may at any time after the passing of this act, when in any foreign state and not under any disability voluntarily become naturalized in such a state, shall from and after the time of his having become naturalized in such a foreign state, be deemed to have ceased to be a British subject and be regarded as an alien. . . .

However, No. 1 of this section provides:

> That where any British subject has before the passing of this Act voluntarily become naturalized in a foreign state and yet is desirous of remaining a British subject, he may, at any time within two years after the passing of this Act, make a declaration that he is desirous of remaining a British subject, and upon such declaration hereinafter referred to as a declaration of British nationality being made, and upon his taking the oath of allegiance, the declarant shall be deemed to be and to have been continually a British subject; with this qualification, that he shall not, when within the limits of the foreign state in which he has been naturalized, be deemed to be a British subject, unless he has ceased to be a subject of that state in pursuance of the laws thereof, or in pursuance of treaty to that effect.

There seems to have existed among the English legislators a considerable difference of opinion regarding the exact interpretation of this section. According to the Lord Chancellor, speaking to the House of Lords during the second reading of the Bill, "they further recommended that, inasmuch as it would be well to make these regulations retrospective, and clear the whole question at once, it might be advisable to allow a period of time within which any person who, at the passing of the Act, has been so naturalized in any foreign country, might, if he thought fit, give up such naturalization, and return to the country of which he was originally a citizen." Speaking on the same subject on May 9 he said: "The aim of the Bill—though, as he had explained, it could not be thoroughly carried out—was to enable any person with a double allegiance to elect which country he would be a subject of." The Earl of Clarendon, commenting upon the same subject to the House of Lords on May 3, is reported in *Hansard's Debates* to have expressed his opinion to the effect that "his noble and learned Friend on the Woolsack had referred, with great propriety and force, to the evils resulting from a system of double nationality," that "it was in truth an evil which they were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bound, as far as possible, to remove," but that " he doubted whether the Bill now under consideration would have that effect," that " the difficulties connected with the subject were apparent throughout the Bill " as, for instance, " in the first paragraph [of section 6] . . . they would find the system of double nationality," that " it was limited, undoubtedly, to British subjects who became naturalized in foreign countries," but that " we gave what might possibly prove a very large class the privilege of being restored to British nationality, and that without the consent of the country which might have adopted them, and in which they might have become naturalized."

And, as a matter of fact, the Bill, as it became law, provides that Britishers who, before the passing of the Act of 1870, had become citizens of a foreign country were to be re-admitted to the full rights of English nationals and were to enjoy the benefit of these rights at least during their presence in the United Kingdom, while at the same time they were permitted to retain their foreign citizenship.

Thus No. 1 of section 6 of the Naturalization Act of 1870 clearly establishes the principle of double citizenship, though seemingly not quite in the same sense or to the same extent of the German law of 1914.

But there is another passage, section 8, of the law of 1870, which reads as follows:

> A natural-born British subject who has become an alien in pursuance of this act, and is in this act referred to as a statutory alien, may, on performing the same conditions and adducing the same evidence as is required in the case of an alien applying for a certificate of nationality, apply to one of Her Majesty's principal secretaries of state for a certificate hereinafter referred to as a certificate of re-admission to British nationality, re-admitting him to the status of a British subject. The said secretary of state shall have the same discretion as to the giving or withholding of the certificate as in the case of a certificate of naturalization. . . .

And further:

> A statutory alien to whom a certificate of re-admission to British nationality has been granted shall, from the date of the certificate of re-admission, but not in respect of any previous transaction, resume his position as a British subject; with this qualification, that within the limits of the foreign state of which he became a subject he shall not be deemed to be a British subject unless he has ceased to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be a subject of that foreign state according to the laws thereof, or in pursuance of a treaty to that effect.

In his *Nationality* Piggott gives his, and, it is safe to say, the only possible, interpretation of this section:

> The conditions for re-patriation are therefore: residence in the United Kingdom or service under the Crown, for not less than five years, within a period of eight years, prior to the application, coupled with an intention either to reside in the United Kingdom, or to serve under the Crown. . . . The special qualification of s. 7 is reproduced; the certificate of re-admission like the certificate of naturalization, to have no effect in the state in which the British subject has become naturalized, unless he has ceased to be a subject either in pursuance of the laws thereof, or of a treaty to that effect.
>
> The introduction of this qualification [so Piggott continues] was inevitable, as the principle of recognition of the foreign law pervades the Act. Even in the case of those who were naturalized [in a foreign country] prior to the Act, and who were, after declaring their British nationality, held never to have been other than British subjects, the qualification was introduced: it could hardly have been omitted in the case of those who resumed [British] nationality after naturalization [in a foreign country] expressly recognized by the Act. . .

This section 8 then permits any "natural-born British subject" to become, "in pursuance of this act," that is, also after this act has become law, a citizen of a foreign country, and permits re-admittance, at the discretion of "one of Her Majesty's principal secretaries of state," to the British fold while at the same time he is allowed to retain his foreign citizenship, with the only proviso that, when staying within the limits of the foreign state of which he also is a citizen, he shall not be considered a British subject.

The German law, as we have seen, permits a German to retain, at the discretion of the Chancellor and the Federal Council, his German nationality and then to accept foreign citizenship without the limitation of the English law, a limitation, however, whose validity is seriously questioned by none less than Piggott. "There is here to be noticed," he also says, "one point which is too apt to be overlooked. Naturalization involves something more than a mere document declaratory of the fact that a certain person has been received into the new allegiance: the oath of that new allegiance has been taken; and the argument that the certificate does not make the holder of it a British subject outside of the United Kingdom overlooks the fact that there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is in the oath itself no such limitation, and also that there is no provision for release from its obligations."

Both the English and the German law emphasize the validity of existing naturalization treaties with other states.

Concerning the motives underlying No. 1 of section 6—and, by inference, those of section 8—of the British law of 1870, we find very little in the meager debates as quoted by Hansard. And what little we do find there coincides with Piggott's view that the object of the British Government seems to have been to give those who otherwise would have lost their British nationality the privilege to retain the same with its full rights and benefits. On the other hand, Piggott frankly admits that those who now would take advantage of this exceptional opportunity were living in foreign countries and had acquired foreign citizenship in order to enjoy commercial and other advantages accessible only to citizens of the countries in which they have chosen to reside. "There were probably," so he writes on pp. 143-144, "at the time the Act of 1870 was passed, many who had adopted for convenience a foreign nationality—convenience of residence, convenience of commerce: neither of which in some states is so free for foreigners as for subjects. The law, by its non-recognition of foreign naturalizations, by its strict adherence to the old common law maxim, may be said to have expressly sanctioned this: at least it declined to attach any consequence to it. Therefore, when it was decided to recognize naturalizations for the future, and when the logical consequence, the recognition of naturalizations in the past had also been decided on, it became necessary to provide for those who had not intended to cast themselves adrift from their British allegiance, which the law had allowed them to retain. . . ."

Still, the "international law review" quoted in the leaflet mentioned, makes bold to assert that "that which is new [in the German law] and apparently without precedent, is a legislative disposition inviting nationals to secure abroad, through fictitious naturalization, certain material advantages reserved for natives of the country." And still, such naturalization is here spoken of as "fictitious," although the countries where Germans may apply for citizenship, while at the same time they retain their *Reichsangehoerigkeit,* are only those which have no naturalization treaties with the German states, and although even

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

these countries have it in their power to regulate this matter to their own satisfaction by the means of concluding such treaties, of granting German nationals the same privileges which their own nationals enjoy in Germany, or by way of framing their oath of allegiance in such a manner that those taking the oath must, without reservation, forswear allegiance to their former sovereign.

The difficulty in this respect, however, is to be found in the fact that the countries which are most likely to resent Germany's "bold step" are themselves hardly in a position to "throw stones." Italy and France, for instance, absolve no national who has become a citizen of a foreign country from his own allegiance so long as, according to their own laws, he is subject to military duty; and, according to their laws, every son born to a national, be it on native or foreign soil, is subject to military duty. France provides for an exception in the application of the law by "special consent from the Government." (For a detailed statement of the workings of the French and Italian laws and of the consequences accruing to the individuals held to be subject to these laws and, no less, to the countries whose allegiance these individuals claim by choice of their free will, see: *The Literary Digest* for July 10, 1915.) Russia, as is well known, never releases her natives from Russian allegiance except by special ukase of the Czar. And England, as the German claim goes, was, at the time of the inauguration of the German law, doing nothing less than the Germans proposed to do.

That the oath of allegiance in the form applied in the United States would everywhere preclude the retaining of German citizenship is the opinion expressed by Richard W. Flournoy, Jr., Chief of the United States Bureau of Naturalization, who thus interprets section 2 of § 25 of the German law: "According to this provision, a German residing in a foreign land may acquire naturalization therein without giving up his German nationality unless the laws of that country require renunciation of the prior allegiance." (*American Journal of International Law,* 1914, p. 480.)

To state further, as Mr. Flournoy does on p. 481, that "this provision can have no application to Germans who are naturalized as citizens of the United States, since it is a specific requirement of our naturalization law that an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alien who applies for naturalization must expressly renounce allegiance to all other sovereignties, and particularly by name to the sovereignty to which he at the time owes allegiance", appears almost superfluous unless Mr. Flournoy by means of this specific statement intends to take the wind out of the sails of those who, for reasons best known to themselves, seek to alarm the American public by their attempt to represent the new German law as being applicable to the United States. One of these attempts is found in the alleged quotation from the unnamed "international law review" which declares as follows: "For example in the United States of North America, Article 4 of the Federal Law of June 29th, 1906, enacts that the candidate for naturalization must declare ON OATH *that he intends bonâ fide to become a citizen of the United States, and that he means to renounce, for ever, all allegiance and all duty and fidelity to every prince, potentate, state or sovereign whose subject for the moment he may happen to be.* Such being the conditions imposed, the German who, before soliciting American naturalization, should have made use of the faculty recognized by article 26 [25], paragraph 2, of the German law, would, whatever his motive—the acquisition of economic advantages or the right to landed property in States of the Union—render himself guilty of perjury, and the consul would be in reality an accomplice." One G. De Wesselitsky, in his book *Russia and Democracy* warns us that "this matter seems to be becoming very prominent in the United States just now." The same trend of thought or intention appears to be underlying Sir Gilbert Parker's reference to this subject when, in the *World in the Crucible* he quotes various statements concerning the German-American National Alliance and the Central Society of German Veterans and Soldier societies of North America, attributed to one Herr Witte, former Press Attaché to the German Embassy in Washington, and then adds in his own words that these statements should "be read in connection with the fact that in 1913 Germany passed a law preserving for a German his nationality even when he has become naturalized in another country."

The latest attempt in this direction is the assertion made by Frances A. Kellor in her *Straight America*, where it is claimed that "while there exists a naturalization treaty with Germany, this did not prevent the Ger-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mans from passing the law of nationality of June 1, 1914, which practically nullifies the [Bancroft] treaty." Senator Lodge, writing to Secretary Lansing, is quoted in the *Literary Digest*, July 10, 1915, as stating that "the German law . . . does not create a conflict of laws, but establishes a dual allegiance which, as you point out, is contrary to our laws and absolutely incompatible with our oath of allegiance." This passage, given without its context, seems to permit of double interpretation, and even its reference to Secretary Lansing, as pointing out what Senator Lodge here states, does not remove the uncertainty as to its real meaning. Senator Lodge in this statement may be expressing a view similar to that held by the critics just quoted, to the effect that the German law, being considered applicable to the United States, does indeed sanction a fictitious naturalization of Germans in the United States and, by doing so, nullifies the Bancroft treaty, a view rendered absolutely untenable by § 36 of the German law itself, which explicitly assures the continued validity of existing naturalization treaties with other nations. On the other hand, one may be permitted to read into the Senator's words Mr. Flournoy's verdict: that the oath of allegiance, as rendered by applicants for naturalization in the United States, demands renunciation of fealty to the country from which the applicant hails, that section 2 of § 25 of the German law sanctions in certain cases the acquisition of foreign citizenship without such renunciation, and that, in consequence thereof, section 2 of § 25 of the German law can not be, and is not, applicable to the United States.

Mr. Flournoy suggests that "the whole subject of the law of citizenship, in which there is now so much confusion, or at least, in particular phases of it, might well be made the topic of discussion by the Hague Conference."—Would it be amiss to ask whether or not the coming peace convention, which will have to untangle theories vastly more confusing and will have to counterpoise tendencies infinitely more antagonistic, could legitimately make part of its task the adjustment of the conflicting principles and practice of the laws of citizenship as they are now enacted and enforced by the nations concerned?

J. MATTERN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A CONJECTURE OF INTENSIVE FICTION

BY W. D. HOWELLS

THE theorist of intensive fiction must first make reasonably sure that there is such a thing, and when he has done this he must show the reader that it differs from extensive fiction, if he can. Instead, I had proposed to take the first proposition for granted, and then to suppose that the second was a matter of universal knowledge. With such an easy scheme it was quite as simple to inquire who had shown the greatest mastery of intensive fiction, and it was logical to believe that women had shown the same superiority in it as in gardening, say, while men had excelled in the more extensive forms of imaginative literature as in farming. At the same time, it would be candid to leave the whole question in a solution of reasonable doubt whether there was any such literary thing as intensive fiction and to hold one's self ready to renounce one's theory of it. I was moved, somewhat elatedly, to this conclusion by remembering that the most delightful of women novelists allows her most delicately ironical character to question the equally undisputed opinion that "the talent of writing agreeable letters is peculiarly feminine . . . As far as I have had opportunity of judging," Henry Tilney says, "it appears to me that the usual style of letter-writing among women is faultless, except in three particulars. . . . A general deficiency of subject, a total inattention to stops, and a very frequent ignorance of grammar."

Tilney's wit does not pass upon the question of woman's superiority in gardening which had not come up, and I had taken her excellence for granted because the robuster energies of man were more adapted to farming. Woman, I reasoned, is naturally fitted for the intensive culture of a small space of ground, from which by thoroughly enriching and tilling it she can garner the results of a very much larger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

area, a quite indefinitely larger area. In fiction by the same treatment of a very limited area of life she could make it yield a harvest as great as a large-sized plot under cultivation by the extensive method. My notion was in fact that women being gardeners rather than farmers by instinct, and more used than men to make the most of a little, would use a few characters, or a few groups of them, to get the effect of a vast dramatic scheme, peopled with a multitude of types. The more I considered this notion the more it pleased me, and I began casting about for instances which would prove it when the cool breath of Tilney's satire smote upon me and chilled the ardor of my supposition. I was going to allege the work of Jane Austen herself as a prime instance of the superior feminine intensiveness in fiction, and I confess that I felt badly to have a main proof of it turned against me as it were by her own hand. Yet what better proof of her own intensiveness in fiction could there be than *Pride and Prejudice, Persuasion, Sense and Sensibility,* and *Emma,* not to name her other books? Or, if I must go further back in time, where should I find more convincing evidence of woman's excelling intensiveness in fiction than in the novels of Miss Edgeworth? Or, if I come forward in time, what supremer instance than in the novels of Charlotte Brontë, who confessedly thought so little of Jane Austen's fiction and probably of Maria Edgeworth's, though she applied in her own work the intensive methods which these authors supremely exemplified. Woman's excellence in intensive fiction was evinced not only by their creative work but by the instructive effect of it, for they seemed to have taught man that very mastery of the art which would seem to tell against my position. Their example did not stop with the limits of the English language and life; all over Europe it wrought, and in *Madame Bovary, Anna Karénina,* the novels of Björnsen and the plays of Ibsen; in such stories of the Spaniards as Valdis's *Maximina,* Ibañez's *La Catedral* and *Sangre y Arena,* and beyond all the rest Galdós's *Doña Perfecta.* No doubt others could name women who excel these men in the intensiveness of their fiction; but as it is I can think only of Pardo-Bazán in *The Angular Stone,* and in *Homesickness.* To recur to the Russians, I may cite all the novels of Turgenieff as illustrative of my meaning: *Smoke, Spring-Floods, Lisa, Father,* and *Sons* are insurpassably intensive. Among Americans I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

think first of Hawthorne, and *The Scarlet Letter,* and *The Marble Faun.*

None of these masterpieces, whether of women or men, tell a story, or invent a plot so much as divine the feelings and portray the character of one person in dramatic encounter with a very few other persons. Out of the limited circumstances they gather a harvest richer than the many-acred yield of the vast and wandering field of romance. This is saying it very imperfectly, and perhaps the difference between the two kinds cannot be definitely stated, but can only be felt by the few who are able to feel things of themselves and need not be told what they feel. In later American fiction I think of no example so illustrative of the intensive method as Mr. Booth Tarkington's *Turmoil.* There the action and its implications are kept wholly within two families and their few acquaintances, yet in this small area of character a world of social and psychological import is felt. The scene is always a Middle-Western manufacturing city such as twenty years ago, when polite people who were vainly striving against the greatness of Ibsen, would have been called provincial, but now, with all its qualities insistent, it must be recognized as of the same metropolitan value as Paris or London. The scene is ample for the most important human events and the passions stalk as large there as if they had the world for their theatre.

It is the advantage of the intensive method of fiction that its scene is never cluttered, but when the interests are apparently the simplest and the events the fewest, the stage is never empty. If the characters have their feet on the ground, it is enough; we know them living and feel them real. Take such a story as Miss Sarah N. Cleghorn's story of *The Spinster,* which is no more than the life of a girl growing up in the New England hill-country to be an old maid and continuing the fulfillment of her destiny by way of Radcliffe College in Cambridge. This is finally accomplished among the women-workers on strike in New York, where the spinster joyfully finds herself a socialist. The book is tense with emotion, animated by an unbroken strain of reality, of truth to Puritanic origins throughout the modern circumstance of the story. It is a very touching story which keeps the heart of womanhood palpitant through disappointment from the first stirring of the girlish wish to be desired to the last throe of celibate resignation in devo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion to a great, just cause. The New England conscience will not suffer the author to falsify character or misrepresent life, any more than to tell or act any other kind of lie. The heroine is herself very romantic, or rather poetic; life is a dream, a rapture undisguised with her, and in the end an ecstasy of unselfish love for all the poor of the world. Those ultimate chapters where the heroine—truly heroic—is seen turning from the egotism of our actual conditions to the altruism of the world as it shall be, are of thrilling beauty in their simplicity.

The literary method throughout is intensive; there is no waste of the narrow ground; every space is made to grow from life something life-giving. The very pang that the story imparts at times, perhaps most times, is vitalizing; one cannot read such a story without a sense of nourishment such as the fodder from the unlimited acreages of the extensive method cannot impart. It is of the tradition in which most American women-novelists have excelled and have surpassed the American men-novelists; and in the same tradition the women-novelists of England have won their triumphs. There is of course the great, the only George Eliot, who is of the extensive school, but a good deal might be said to show that it is when she gathers her forces into some little nook or corner of one of her wide areas that she is greatest. The novel that first made her universally known, *Adam Bede,* might be fairly claimed as the effect of the intensive method; and all the rest of the novel-writing English women are of that cult. Especially so is that novelist who, upon the whole, must stand next to Jane Austen, and whose method was always an instinct with her, but was perverted at times by the Victorian taste which she perforce addressed, for Charlotte Brontë, far beyond the extensive novelists of her time, lived the truth, and loved the look of life, and desired to tell it and to give it perhaps most when she most failed of it.

The reader experienced in my heterodoxy (as it would once rather than now be accounted) will perceive the slant of this, and will not be deceived by my talk of the intensive method. He will know that I mean romanticism when I speak of the extensive method in fiction, and will be by no means misled by my praise of the intensive fiction of an English authoress whose novels I have been learning to like during some years past, and whom I wish I could praise to a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public here more conversant with them than I can make sure of. It was in fact from the intensiveness of one of her latest-read, though not latest-written novels, that I was moved to imagine the existence of such a method in fiction and the priority of women in it. But no example in any art is scientifically perfect, and *Una and the Lions* by Constance Smedley, as she calls herself, is not so exemplary as I could wish an example of intensive fiction to be; it is not a human drama of that greatness which the harvest from an intensively cultivated plot should be. It is the autobiographically told story of a young English girl, a teacher, who gets to Florence by a stroke of ludicrous good luck, and sees the foreign society-world there through and from the finely graded and differenced snobbishness of the lady-boarders in a genteel pension. It is her practical ignorance and instinctive knowledge of their natures which animate the scene while the certain never-fully-revealed awfulness of a very wicked old English lord, as learned as he is lurid, living in the iniquity tolerated by the easy-going society of the Italian capital, is the darkling background of the stage. The drama is the play of the girl's emotions in the presence of the city's artistic and historic wonders, and the events are her mostly subjective experiences. There is a beginning and a middle and an ending but nothing transcends the autobiographical frame, which is made to include so much that is not autobiographical: a world, indeed, of undreamed-of persons and motives. The spare incident is intensively used and there is a crop of character grown in the narrow plot of life which the extensive method would have left with a surface scarcely touched.

But as an example of what may be done by the intensive method it is not so satisfactory as the author's later book, *On the Fighting Line*. Here again the form is autobiographical, and the supposed autobiographer is again a young girl, generous, glowingly imaginative and ardently trustful of the creatures of her imagination. But the scene now is in London, where the heroine is a typist very hard at work in the office of a rather adventurous financiering company. It is the necessity of her being to idealize some one, and the nearest at hand is the son of her official chief, sufficiently idealizable in his good looks and good nature and willingness to let her be in love with him. This part of it is the least interesting, the least valuable; the best part is that which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has to do with the people on the fighting line, the hard working men and women who while they struggle for a livelihood struggle to keep their souls their own. All are socialistic; some of the women are suffragettes, and at least one is militant; some are harmlessly Bohemian, like the autobiographer, and there are some creatures of the society world who feel the charm of this blithe unsociety world of work and freedom. The intensiveness of the book consists in producing from a few characters and events, results that the extensive method labors for over areas which touch one another only in episodes forcibly rather than voluntarily related. It is not so fresh an inquiry as the Florentine story, and after a moment of valuing it more as a contribution to the story of strenuous and conscientious endeavor in the world of work which tries also to be the world of play, one ends in valuing it less. The interest which centers in the Florentine pension, with the dilletantes in their periphery of aesthetic and historic inquiry, is more convincing of reality, more palpable than the London conditioning of the typist who loses her job by defeating the fraudulent intention of one of her employers. A good and true thing is the essential amicability of this rascal who takes her back into his employ with a half confession and apology when it serves his turn. What is best in it is what is best in the Florentine story, that is to say the autobiographer's girl-nature. You are not always convinced that the things happened, but if they had, this is the way that this sort of girl would have behaved in their occurrence.

The autobiographer who reveals herself is not so convincing as the girl studied in *The Spinster,* and there is not so much convincingness in the events. This may be partly or largely the result in such a witness as myself, because I know the ground better in the American book. But if this is so, I cannot very well say why one of Constance Smedley's other books persuades me of greater reality, greater actuality than the two I have been talking about. I am only certain that I am more certain of the people in *Commoners' Rights.* What is supposed to happen there happens in the little, inflexibly traditioned community of Chippingdun, where the young Gloucestershire squire bursts the bonds of immemorial conformity and marries the beautiful, brilliantly practical and generously idealistic daughter of professional people who has been in the management of a sort of co-opera-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive art enterprise in London where she has personally sold the work of a Guild of Women Craft-workers. She has gloriously succeeded in this and is beloved and honored by the sisterhood she has benefited, but she has handled money like a shop-woman, and has already been made to feel, obscurely but unmistakably, that she is of the class which she has otherwise transcended. It is not to ease her heart of this pain that she has married the young squire, but it is a quality of her happiness in marrying him for love. He is good, a gentleman of the finest Tory breed, but Chippingdun is his world beyond every other, and her London achievement is something that he endures bravely and proudly, but something that at its best he wishes left behind her, with all its implications. He has no personal conceit, but he cannot imagine that it cannot be enough for her to be his wife and to share his place in the first rank of Chippingdun society. They come home from their wedding journey at the moment when the question of *Commoners' Rights* has arisen between the people and a firm of stone-quarriers who have infringed immemorial privilege by passing the bounds of the squire's land and taking the turf off a few yards of pasturage sacred to the villagers' cattle. The squire himself does not like that, and submits rather than consents to the action of the father and son who have hired their quarry from him. He goes to Canada on business and his wife is left with a retroactive jealousy of a very odious aristocrat whom he was in love with before his marriage. She indulges her humanitarian passion by espousing the cause of the commoners against the quarriers; and the whole case is treated with admirable justice. The gentry of Chippingdun whom the wife has disliked from her own tradition show unexpectedly well, and the lower classes are the first to believe a scandal against her and to disable her efforts for them. But the plot does not matter and the situation matters only as it enables character to show itself. The reader shall go to the book with the edge of such curiosity as he has unblunted; it is quite worth satisfying at first hand. What may be said in anticipation of his conclusion is to the praise of the very clear and generous equity shown in the inquiry. The whole affair is delicately as well as distinctly felt, and the effect is something very new, if not quite new, in the fiction which deals with character as shaped by tradition. There is no *parti pris* except the part of truth and fairness. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reader's sympathy is with the under-dog, but the under-dog has confessedly his demerits, and the over-dog confessedly his good points. The commoners who are striving so bravely to keep the common from the landlords are shown to have unworthily kept it very dirty and even dangerous. The management of the situation is dramatic and not sensibly didactive, and it teaches, by character and event, as life teaches. Like life it is subtle, but as Lowell liked saying of Shakespeare's subtlety, it is subtle in letters a foot high.

There is no difficulty in identifying the method as intensive if there is any necessity. There is no waste ground, and the culture is close and fine, so that there is nothing lost in the sense imparted of the place and people. It is an excellent piece of work; it would have been called in earlier days a "contribution" to the social knowledge of an English neighborhood where none of the people are either so good or so bad as they are in the habit of thinking themselves and one another. The beautiful success of the heroine in the service of the Women Craft-workers in London is antecedent of the story and is less of the reader's experience and observance in fiction, if not out of it, than the social contacts of rich and poor at Chippingdun. We are more accustomed to meeting such people as are shown us there, than those *On the Fighting Line,* but it is not this, we think, that makes them more appreciable. The like social encounter is studied in another book of the authoress called *New Wine in Old Bottles,* a title which intimates the same sort of enmities and amenities in their activity, but here the facts are not so subtle or so freshly dealt with. There is a breadth in the personification of the different social elements which has rather too much of travesty; there is a want of the restraint which would have better convinced the reader of them, and there is an almost Victorian openness in the characterization; the people are too obvious from the outset. You are obliged too often to say, "No, this did not happen, or if it did, not in this way, or so soon." The scheme is very simple: a brother and sister who have lived nearly their whole lives in Italy, come back to their native country town of Scroose, in Gloucestershire, and try to resume their family importance which has been forfeited by their Italian mother's neglect of English etiquette. But they are not in sympathy with the local traditions of class; they have become socialists, in a way; they have a contempt for the people embodying those

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traditions, and they show it in their wish to serve the town without the help of the town's betters. They wish the town to help itself; Miss Valentine plans a pageant exemplifying its growth in civilization through incidents of its industrial history, and she plans letting the people do the pageant themselves in the various characters. She soon feels the need of class favor and patronage; but when she calls upon the ladies of the chief family they snub her unsparingly and utterly refuse their countenance to her scheme. She is a person whom nothing can keep snubbed, and almost immediately the daughter of this topping house meets the brother who is writing the scenario of the pageant, and they fall in love with each other through their common love of poetry. This does not prevent the girl's being a hateful, though gifted person, and she has a cruel pleasure in taking a chief character in the pageant away from a daughter of trade to whom it has been assigned by the inventor of the pageant. The brave, unsnubbable girl assents perforce to the change and to the other changes made by the gentry who have come into the scheme, and to whom the tradesfolks' feelings are mud. Their action takes the best parts from the lower classes and gives one to the hateful gifted girl's brother, who by now is beginning to be in love with Miss Valentine, but not so far as to imagine her feelings in the case, or realize her sacrifices. What manliness is in him, the manliness which surpasses gentlemanliness, appears under the crucial ordeal of Richard Valentine's setting up a shop. To be sure the shop deals in such aesthetic wares as books, pictures, little sculptures and bric-a-brac; but Richard proposes to sell them over the counter himself, and that is a real test of Beverley's manliness.

Of the two intensive studies of the English social conditions *Commoners' Rights* is solider and closer than *New Wine in Old Bottles* and more real. The last is in fact a sort of fantasy with the portrayal of personal character carried to the verge of caricature by insistence upon the traits of the types; the first is intensive fiction of prime excellence, and I could almost allege it as a supreme example. The people in it are of genuine quality and value; and it is worthy permanent survival from the multitude of dead and dying novels of our day. But this is not criticism, and I should like to refine upon my crudity, if I can, by saying that the book abounds in surprises for the reader

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which will convince his reason, and keep his interest keen after the story is told. You expect that Georgiana with her socialistic and co-operative experience will achieve a moral triumph over her Tory husband which will give the hope of permanent change in his nature and that of Chippingdun generally. But this is not the result; the good end comes about through the reasonableness in the Tories which helps them to see clearly, point after point, and to deal justly. I should have to tell the whole story to prove this, and I must ask the reader to take my word for it, and to believe me without further proof that this admirable fiction is one of the best of the intensive sort which goes deeper and deeper in the production of its harvest from a narrow plot of life. A real question of duty, of the essential fraternity underlying every community is what enlarges and elevates the conduct of Chippingdun almost without changing the intention of its gentry, who are like gentry everywhere in proposing to make Christian charity do duty for the human solidarity.

Of course the book's essence is socialistic if not socialism; the thinking and feeling are socialistic; this is the beginning of it as much as it is the end of Miss Cleghorn's story of *The Spinster*. The two books are illustrative of the different English and American sense of the impulse stirring the civilized world. The English novelist recognizes it as a matter of taste; inequality, economical and social, is ugly, and the revolt against it is from the love of beauty. The American novelist feels it as the only right conclusion shaping the life of a generous, poetic woman-nature to its fit climax. Both books are intensive in method; but the American book is more poignantly intense; the suffering in it is the pang of a soul heroic in disappointment and sorrow. Naturally the situation is more appreciable to an American, because an American has witnessed the like in the life he has seen if not lived. It is vitally personal; the appeal of the English book is from the first to that social conscience which the American book reaches only in its culmination.

I think it is interesting to note how fiction has arrived through sympathy with the under-dog at criticism of an animal that might well have begun to believe itself impeccable through suffering. Sympathy with it has been characteristic of intensive fiction from the beginning, especially the intensive fiction of woman. Jane Austen herself who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relinquished a certain plot because the protagonist was too plebeian to have a rightful claim to the interest of cultivated people, or people of class, had yet an abhorrence of upper class arrogance, and she made her dearest heroine the daughter of a family only half gentry; and when we come to the next greatest woman writer of fiction, in the order of time after her, we are made to feel the sympathy of Charlotte Brontë as a passion that passes compassion, and thrills for reparation. The dog that she pities almost with tears of blood is not merely the social under-dog; all creatures that suffer wrong of whatever sort share her anguish of pity. A more controlled pathos is as penetrating in Miss Cleghorn's story which carries its consolation with it. That is indeed a tragedy imparting a very "noble terror," and in the best sense of my conjecture it is intensive.

Yet none of these modern fictions begins to be so intensive as *The Scarlet Letter* and *Blithedale Romance,* or so responsive to my ill-defined ideal of that method. I have rather an uneasy conscience in having so defined it as perhaps to have left the reader with the impression that I always value it beyond the extensive method. In the hands of a master the intensive fiction more nearly approaches the drama, perhaps because its limit obliges it to be more explicit and direct, but I am not sure that the Laocoön is greater art than some classic bas-reliefs such as Schlegel liked to liken to epics. I am very sure that no fictions of the intensive method excel the masterpieces of extensiveness. Perhaps if I were to be very, very candid I might own that the greatest fictions are of the extensive method: *Don Quixote,* for instance, *Gil Blas, La Chartreuse de Parme, War and Peace, Middlemarch, Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and perhaps *Vanity Fair* and *Wilhelm Meister.* But it may be contended that these are composed of agglutinated episodes which are separately of the intensive method. Of this method I should like to allege some of Zola's novels, and that very great recent Spanish novel by Ibañez, namely *La Catedral,* which is so narrowly defined that it never passes the ecclesiastical and economical and social limits of the Cathedral of Toledo from which it garners the whole significance of modern Spain. Of course *Marie Claire* must be counted among the foremost of intensive fictions, and Miss Edith Wyatt's beautiful and distinctively humane novel, *True Love.* One cannot read that book without great hope

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and consolation, a harvest of faith in the rich possibilities of the democratic, the American ideal.

This recalls me from whatever wandering I have permitted myself in quest of examples and renews my wish to make clear somehow what I mean by intensive fiction; but I am not sure that I can do it. I do not mean a method which produces from a little space the effects of the largest extensive fiction, appreciable numerically, but perhaps a result in the reader which he could not compute as the sum of incidents or characters. It would be a method which should leave abidingly with him a sense of things far transcending the things related. There is perhaps something not finally explicable in this, something mystical, something curiously subjective, which I may suggest by the relation of an experience which I have so often had from my reading of fiction. I find myself carrying from the recollection of a strongly impressive passage a sense of spaciousness which does not correspond with the facts. This would seem to have occupied in statement and treatment several paragraphs, and even pages, but when I recurred to the book I would see that my impression had come from perhaps a few sentences. This exposition of what I mean by intensive fiction does not satisfy me, but I have some hopes that the reader will be less difficult, less exacting, and will be persuaded to bring a more sympathetic intelligence to my conjecturing than I have done.

W. D. Howells.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONSERVING OUR SPIRITUAL RESOURCES

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

If there is anything apparent in this great crash of war which, logically perhaps, marks the outcome of decades of triumphant material progress, it is our need of utilizing to the full our intellectual and spiritual resources, lest the race go back to savagery. With the quickened insight that comes through suffering, even when shared afar, we get our bearings as we could not in the comfortable years of peace, and, in our swift march toward utmost practical efficiency, we pause, aghast and bewildered: for the natural outcome of certain forces predominant in modern life, certain theories becoming more and more predominant in modern education, is being set forth with awful clarity. That ideal of recent decades, the entirely efficient human being, with every physical power, and every intellectual power that serves the physical, developed to the uttermost, becomes under certain conditions a terrible creature to contemplate, declares himself the greatest enemy that civilization has to face. The menace of absolute efficiency of the lower man when unaware of scruple and of the higher laws that bind the souls of men, is being set forth in blood and iron, shot and shell. What more complete refutation of the claims of the most progressive contemporary training, with its emphasis on the external, its subordination of the ethical, what graver arraignment of its dangers, could be presented than has come in the action and the stand taken by that great nation in which the modern scientific trend has most nearly culminated, Germany—Germany, with her plans for the world of matter so definitely, minutely, precisely made, so wholly at sea in the world of spirit, rudderless, without guide or compass?

As we contemplate this appalling present, and face the era which is coming to be, it behooves us to see what tendencies in ourselves point toward a similar mistaking of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the great end of existence. Our present passion to break with the past, with all that has not to do with the immediate achievement that we call progress, or with knowledge of physical laws of the universe; our contempt for the profounder kind of intellectual discipline which fashions the souls of men are full of menace. Our American worship of "force," of "nerve," of "push," the disrepute in which finer, more scrupulous and less successful types of character stand among us; the undergraduate scorn meted out in many of our institutions dedicated to higher education upon those whose achievements are intellectual rather than muscular; our impatience of thought and passion for action, are, if we could read them aright, alarming danger signs. More and more the restraints imposed in elder days by religious scruple vanish; we have lost the fear of hell, and have not yet attained the deeper fear that attends the contemplation of the beauty of holiness. What can be done to waken the sense that the real values of life are inner values, that character is in itself achievement? What can be done to reinforce the new ideals of social justice, and to save the strangest power now urging on social justice, labor agitation, from a conception of the great issues of life as merely material issues, from methods of force more selfish than those of the old order? What can be done to disturb this absorption of the young in passing things, to check the passion for constant amusement, to rouse them to a sense of the deeper human need?

It is time for us to stop to scrutinize carefully those educational ideals which have, of recent years, been impressed upon us as the most important. There are depths in human nature with which the most progressive theories regarding human development have not reckoned; the young need, both at home and in the schools, a profounder teaching than they are at present getting of the ends and aims of life. Those who are urging the external studies of physical phenomena and physical law to the utmost limit, impatient of the moral and spiritual discipline of an earlier day, forget that their own training gave them a sense of moral values which they make no attempt to hand on in the system they are working out. It would be well for us to stop to think of the consequences involved in a facile change from a culture predominantly ethical to a culture predominantly scientific. Right standards of action do not persist automatically; con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stant will, endeavor, faith, persistent teaching alone can keep alive in the young those high ideals of conduct without which no nation can really live and grow. In the teaching offered the young at home and in school there is lack of that which feeds the most deeply vital force within them. If the future is to be saved, education must be a more fundamental thing than it is, for the most part, at present in this country, must take hold of the deeper elements in human nature, human feeling, passion, sympathy, pity, hope, aspiration; of the profounder intellectual and spiritual powers; of that imaginative insight that can pierce the husk to the finer inner meanings, the souls of things. It must be less external, less dominated by single-track intellectualism, less confident that the secrets of life can be found out by diligent use of the senses. It must more clearly recognize that something profounder which eludes the eye, eludes the ear. Our greatest educational problem today, that which most deeply concerns the future, is not how to get before the young the best scientific apparatus, the most marvelous magnifying glasses, but how to make them think below the surface and find idea back of fact; how to make them know the finer standards of thought and feeling wrought out by the race; how to foster the deeper insight, the finer sympathy, the nobler scruple; how to make them aware of the wonder and the beauty of their spiritual inheritance and the profound challenge therein.

Many a gallant soul today is fighting a good fight in behalf of our national resources, for preserving the integrity of forests, saving waterfalls from destruction, keeping for our descendants, for beauty and for use, the physical wealth of our great country; and the good wishes of all disinterested folk go with them: for thousands and hundreds of thousands are aware of the issue where a question of waste or neglect of material resources is involved. But are we making a sufficiently determined fight, in the same spirit, to train and to develop in the young the diviner human powers of feeling, imagination, which represent the larger resources of human nature? Within them lie deeper powers, profounder instincts than are being stirred now, powers that reach to the inmost depths of being. Immense potential resources of faith, of reverence are there; how, in this vast encompassing secularization of life, can we reach them, make them available? This deeper nature of the young is, incom-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parably, the nation's greatest treasure. How can it be conserved, and brought into wise activity? Are we trying hard enough to keep before them the intellectual and spiritual achievements of the race in the past, the possibilities for the future? Are we "conserving" the priceless treasure of mind and of soul, dug out in centuries of past life, under varied conditions and different environments, of the hard stuff of existence?

The best of this spiritual heritage, this abiding witness to the reality of the inner life, to what we have gained over the brute, comes to us, recorded in terms of imperishable beauty, in the great literature of our own and other races; and we should endeavor, with profound sense of the greatness of the issue, and the imperative need of action in view of dissipating and corroding forces, to preserve for the young and to bring within their reach its mental and spiritual riches. Who among us value this great heritage at its true worth? Lethargy in regard to its slipping hold; ignorance of its supreme value as a matter of training and the need of our youth for it; active objection on the part of educators who would stake the whole of life and development upon the external chance, contribute to our neglect. Wise nations try to incorporate in the lives of present and future citizens all great inheritance; can we afford to let slip the insight of prophet, poet, and philosopher of old?

Literature, it will be maintained, should be read individually and at home; there is little need for educators to bestir themselves in the matter. But, here in America, genuine literature is no longer to any extent read; the old habit of knowing something of the best and finest, once prevalent in large sections of the country, has not survived our present progress. We all go back with pleasure to Lamb's theory that a library of old books, with the young turned loose therein, constitutes the best education in literature. This is admirable, granted the library, the leisure, the instinct for the good, and the opportunity to begin in childhood, for this kind of literary training is the matter of a lifetime. The situation here today, in the vast conglomerate of races which we have become, calls for different measures. In the majority of American homes in older days there was a certain literary tradition; it may have been slight, but it kept alive a sense that knowledge is not merely a matter of the seeing of the eyes, the hearing of the ears, of reflection upon sense-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impressions. Shakespeare, *Pilgrim's Progress,* some of the poets, used to stand upon the bookshelves, however narrow, and the poorest home had had at least that book which has stood for centuries between the human race and its swiftly stirring savage instincts, the Bible,—the Bible, lending freedom to the human spirit, breaking the bonds of narrow and cramping material environment; warring against our Occidental tendency to be swallowed up by mere things, bringing us the mystic Oriental sense of communion with the divine, —the Bible, with its expression of longing for holiness, its joy of adoration in psalms, its fierce spiritual questioning in Job, its flaming passion for righteousness in the prophets, and the matchless tenderness of the Gospels. Whatever may be the disputes of dogma or unfaith, all that is greatest in its teaching is unassailed and unassailable: its magnificent assertion of the existence of God and of the human soul in God; its great and simple ethic, that the supreme thing in life is duty and the supreme duty love. What unspeakable pity that question of date or fact of authorship; what greater pity that mere neglect should dim the one important thing—its spiritual import! Its demand, its standard for the human being to measure up to, is still the loftiest that has reached the race. Other Oriental literatures have taught the spiritual unity of the universe; none has added the staggering commandment: "Love your neighbor as yourself." Humanity has no need of further challenge, while it still gropes, trying to understand and obey this. Throughout it all, spiritual beauty is wrought out in terms of visible beauty, swift image, noble phrase, making the profoundest interpretation of the soul of man come home in human ways, to eye and ear; the book of holiness, the book of poetry—its neglect today means devastating loss, loss of an incomparable means of literary training, of high ethical standards, of incitements to holiness; and neglected it is in increasingly many of the homes of old American stock, unknown in the great mass of the new. What can ever take the place of that book of revelation of man's greater nature, in speech whose very beauty is in itself almost a divine revelation?

The earlier maturity of child thought in preceding generations was doubtless largely due to coming into contact with that record of inner experience, provoking question, setting standards, making young readers aware of mysterious depths, of exalted heights—so much of the potential

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vastness of human life and experience was there. It wakened powers, set souls a-stirring, early quivering to the greatest music, early aware that only as spiritual struggle is life important or endurable. Where today, in all the carefully manipulated childhood of the schools, can you find anything to match its influence?

Most of the young today know little of poets or of Bible, however well versed they may be in the Sunday newspapers and cheap magazines that make part of the appalling tidal wave of printed matter that insults the initial high intent of print. From illiterate homes of poverty; from illiterate homes of luxury; from illiterate homes of hard-working folk who have little time or thought for mere books, they pour into public school, high school, perhaps even college; the fact remains that a vast number come from homes where the records of the inner life of the race are neglected or utterly unknown. Again and again, college freshmen confess to having read, their life long, nothing save the books required for college entrance; for the instinctive hunger and thirst of the young for knowledge of recorded human experience seems to be vanishing. Naturally they have no background, and are unaware that there are aspects of life which the "movies" cannot present; that appreciation of finer values that comes through knowing the best in the best books is not theirs; and they are strangers to that deeper questioning regarding human life and destiny which great literature inevitably fosters. The prolonged childishness of mind and of mood observable in many of the young today comes, doubtless, partly from over-emphasis on observation work, which, however keen it may make eye and ear, can never foster the necessary inner development; partly from lack of contact with older and greater experience. Is there any other educative power so potent, so full of stimulus, of quickening, as that which comes from being in contact with great ideas, partly understood, not fully grasped, full of challenge, of spur to mind and imagination? Life should hold for childhood and youth no fascination so great as coming into the presence of older and wiser minds, perhaps through hearing grown people talk, though, alas, there are few grown people now! Perhaps through hearing or reading Bible, philosopher, or poet. To understand, in part, the grave themes; to feel the quick shock of challenge through the partly understood; to strive to grow and find out.—it is all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a-knocking, knocking at great doors ajar, leading to great highways of the human soul. How shall ways be found to bring maturing influences to bear upon the young, now when thought in regard to the inner life is so largely swallowed up in bland unconsciousness of the existence of an inner life?

We in America today need a Renaissance, a revival of literature for its own sake, for its large revelation of human life and human experience. We need that kind of intellectual awakening that can come in no way save through an awakened sense of the value of letters, of the wealth of our intellectual and spiritual inheritance from the past. No widely-advertised shelf of selected "best books" can serve our purpose; strange that a nation of grown people should be patient with such childishness! We should bestir ourselves, to do our own wide reading, our own thinking, our own choosing, venturing as far as possible into the recorded experience of other peoples and of other times, lingering long over the self-expression of the inner life of our race, to keep our souls a-quiver and alive; to kindle spiritual aspiration; to rouse ourselves out of narrowness and that complacency to which we are so sadly given—that self-congratulation of ourselves as the most admirable of peoples in the most progressive country at the greatest moment of human achievement. For standards of comparison, sense of values, stimulus, for the broadening and deepening of life, we should know the most exalted thought of other peoples who have walked the earth: Hebrew aspiration, Greek idealism, the finer intuition of India, as well as the nobler interpretations of existence of modern races besides our own. We need to measure ourselves and test our thought and our endeavor, by contact with the deeper experiences of the human soul; we need to learn how to think more profoundly and to feel more acutely, growing more and more sensitive to the play of spiritual forces in life.

As a people we have thought too much, perhaps, of the development of the human soul as wholly a matter of dogma or creed, unaware how many of our gifts, our instincts, may minister to our inner need. Something of the old Puritan narrowness lingers here, the early conviction of stern ancestral folk, eschewing art, akin to their protagonist, Cromwell, who was unable to discern the spiritual idealism in the Gothic beauty he destroyed, an idealism as single-minded as his own, and far lovelier in expression. While dogma, per-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haps narrow dogma, was considered by many the only hold of the soul, with dogma shaken or gone all seems lost. With a sense of being at the end of their spiritual resources, and no perception of the many rainbow breakings of the white light, truth, they turn, in sheer desperation, to mechanical pursuits and material pleasures, not realizing that many an intellectual problem of doubt may minister to higher need, and that companionship with those to whom immaterial values are supremely important ministers to soul.

It is precisely because great literature will at once bring the young into contact with those to whom the great business of life is to find the inner values, and who make manifest the fact that the truth reveals itself in many ways, that it is of paramount importance in an educational system and in the life at home. The young need, not mere precept, but the study of character in action, of individuals in the complex of existence, with the outcome uncertain; need to see, from the dismay and the tangle, the glory of the human will flashing out to conquer; to study human defeat in actual presentation and win a larger understanding. The great meanings of literature should be taught, not dogmatically, but with reverent effort to interpret, to become aware of many kinds of insight into the mysteries of existence, to let life grow great in finding how different thinkers, searchers for the light, struggled, won, or failed. That large reading of human life and experience that shows us growth achieved, perhaps, through failure, doubt, despair, must be ours. While we may not always share the conclusion, we are wiser for sharing the struggle; the aspiration of many an one with whose conviction we should not agree may prove the truest stimulus; all is safe so long as the great issues of life are conceived as spiritual issues. Literature is invaluable for its communication of high idealism apart from dogma, checking our over-easy tendency to discard creeds as worthless or to clutch them as final, being lulled to sleep by them; helping us grow toward that larger understanding which is one of the chief aims of existence.

One would fain make a plea, in behalf of the young of today and of future days, for a revival of that old sense of the sacredness of books, and their cherishing at the fireside; for an attempt to stem this passion for the mechanical, distorted, mangled literature of the "movies"; one would

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fain make a plea for a larger and more respected place in our national system of education for the study of our own English literature—devout and untiring study, jealous lest large meanings escape us. We need to find ways to make more available our choicest racial possession, to bring it to bear upon the lives of the many, to find methods of teaching it so profound that they shall be profoundly simple, that all may share, in democratic fashion, the best that our race has wrought. It is a wonderful literature, recording the inner life of a great people, a literature whose native genius has been reinforced by profoundest influences: the intellectual insights of Greece, the practical wisdom of Rome, the clarity of thought and manner of France, the philosophic depth of the earlier Germany. Above all else, breathes through it as its very breath of life, the conception from out of the mystical East of life as spiritual aspiration, matter as the handiwork of spirit. Our whole literature, worked out under this inspiration, is full of divinations of great meanings, a literature thrilled through with tremendous hopes: belief in life immortal, belief in holiness; of struggle toward this faith, rebellion against it.

It is frankly for its civilizing power that we need this study, not for remote questions of scholarship involving intellectual gymnastics. The highest type of literature, the most imaginative, the most idealistic, should be brought to bear directly upon life; the young should know their Carlyle and their Ruskin, their Browning and their Keats, their Shakespeare, Bishop Berkeley and Sir Thomas Browne, as they now know brake and lever, pulley and piston, and the wriggling of the amoeba under the microscope. They should be taught that: "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." Literature should be taught with much of ethical and spiritual purpose, with more emphasis upon the gist of what is said, the significance, its *raison d'être,* and less upon externals. All husks and outer shows and pedantries of teaching we need to slough off, striving to reveal the quick and vital something at the source. We need to teach the message, the supreme importance of literature as soul revelation, with less of the outer covering, more of the divine intent, that the young may be made to feel the impact of the intellectual and spiritual past experience of the race as expressed in terms of beauty.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the enlargement and the deepening of life each great period of our literature contains great treasure; in each we find certain standards of thought and of feeling that may well serve as a pattern and a challenge, rousing dissatisfaction with our complacent present. It is not well for the race to forget any fineness of insight once achieved, if but by a single individual, writing in loneliness in a moment of divination; much less any great idea or ideal which has swayed masses of mankind.

Of our English literature of the Renaissance and the need of our young to know it, it is difficult to speak in measured terms; impossible, perhaps, to enumerate all its great qualities: the passionate idealism; the sheer joy of mental endeavor; the sense of life as intellectual and spiritual adventure. Lyric, drama, and treatise are thrilled through with the glory of creative activity in realms of mind. Here we find wisdom greater than our own, for the Elizabethans, in shaping their new world, kept the old, honoring classic achievement, eager to save all that they might of earlier attainment to help in their own, and the unsurpassed greatness of their output owes a great debt to this attitude. Their lofty humanism rebukes our modern lack of balance. The scholars, with their reverent quest into old and sacred places; Bacon, with his keen delight in thought, may help our blindness; and we should do well to ponder more deeply our Shakespeare, with his unrivalled insight into life, life apprehended not as mere mechanical play of physical and material forces, but life as struggle, a spiritual glory, perhaps despair,—at least conceived in terms of soul. Of Marlowe's agony and passion, his *Faust*, with its anguish, its thrill of remorse, its profound sense of values in that vision of heaven lost and hell attained; of Sidney's great idealistic conception of the supreme uses of poetry; of Spenser's inability to read life as anything but spiritual quest, there is small counterpart today. Surely in our perfect mechanical equipment, and our satisfaction with the externals of life, it is well for us to remember the spiritual and intellectual breezes a-blowing long ago.

That glorious outburst of English poetry of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is so near to us that its searchings, its questions, its answers, are our own. It stands out, as does the poetry of the sixteenth century, as one of the great moments in human development, full of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passion, faith, insight, imaginative divination of the great meanings of life. Blake's rending the veil of matter to burning spirit; Wordsworth's penetration to the soul of nature; Shelley's ardent quest of the perfect, are but part of the great spiritual uplift, as is Keats's resolute attempt to create his world of the ideal, to search out the utmost ways of beauty as a refuge for the human spirit in that troubled time. These were great souls, of lofty passion, aware of profoundest issues, of ends other than apparent; so ardent in questioning, so sensitive to problems that still are our own, so gifted in expressing them, that their poetry seemed to prelude a great era of imaginative vision and idealistic achievement; but, alas! the spinning jenny was invented in this same period, and the spinning jenny got ahead.

We cannot do without that which our forefathers have wrought; for the great soul-adventure, life, needs constant contact with other soul-adventures, constant rousing, stimulus, companionship by the way with those whose pace is braver and better than our own. There is no safety in any rut of comfortable thought or habit, far less any security in clinging fast to the material possessions held in one's hand. We go from mystery to mystery, and have need to listen to the voices which tell us what others have found out. In a statistics-ridden world of increasing surface information and increasing inner uncertainties, we must know the assurances upon which great souls have greatly built, the deeper strivings of the race. Our task is to find out the highest thought and aspiration and live in it; to breathe the best of the old hopes and make them come true; to draw near the quick and vital experiences of the human soul and share its profounder life as it has been handed on. We can spare none of the spiritual attainment of the past; our instant necessity is to know all that humanity, of whatsoever race, has discovered of the divine, of hope for mankind, consolation for mankind, aspiration that may quicken ours. The coolly amused analyses of life in the literature of the present day and recent decades is insufficient for our need. Most of contemporary writing does not meet the highest uses of literature in stimulus, incitement to mind and soul. The cumulative hope, the cumulative aspiration of all earlier days is not too much; we have therein vested rights, entailed long ago, and it should be our deepest concern to keep and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

add. We of today are responsible for the high insights of the past.

The very association with those who lived, and, through their nobly created work, forever live for us in a world of spiritual and intellectual endeavor, has an incalculable effect. Something must be granted us to guide in our human incompleteness; something to help in the next step and the next, in a refining of judgment, a suggestion of standards that have been part of the race-achievement;—for such scruples as we have developed in the face of this long struggle for existence we cannot afford to lose, lest the struggle from the brute have to be done all over again; something to make us wise in the matter of human limitations and mistakes, rousing that sympathy which is a great part of all genuine spiritual attainment. We cannot afford to lose any interpretation of human sorrow, suffering, sin, nobly expressed, wakening our deeper understanding. Here, life is shared with earth's greatest; we live through lives with others of higher stature than ourselves, sharing lyric aspiration or tragic struggle, and through the very humanness of such contact, our lives grow great.

Few can fail to see that the human race is in need of deeper sustenance than the most advanced thought of our time can offer. The dominant intellectualism of the last century is inadequate either to stimulate or to console; the profoundest needs of humanity are not here met. The reasons are not far to seek. Of the two great instincts forever at work in human growth: curiosity, the desire to discover, to find new mental boundaries; and reverence, the power to hold fast to the best that has been found out, made precious through human struggle—surely for many decades the former has been in the ascendant. More specifically, through the increasing passion to find out the secrets of the world of matter, something of the nice equilibrium that means perfect development has been lost; and the tendency to conserve, to keep that which has been achieved has been in abeyance. The trust in the new and startling, the ready exchange, for the latest scrap of knowledge, of that which is far deeper than knowledge is not the mark of a wise people. As, in the material world, where men acquire and heap up wealth but to waste it in great wars and elsewhere, so in the world intellectual, for the curiosity of mankind far outstrips the power to keep and utilize to the last shade of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

meaning the inner experience of the race. Alas for the great squandering! One would think that the deepest human endeavor would go into holding fast resolutely to the highest that has been attained, that it might ever touch the will to intenser effort. Who can interpret this enduring irony of the spiritual life, the great difficulty of keeping the fruits of victory already gained, the necessity of fighting the fight over and over again?

For check upon our present exultant materialism, for revelation of the world of beauty, for spiritual insight, for refusal to accept the lesser explanations of existence, the great literature of earlier days must be made known and cherished, lest we go backward, forgetting the finest and highest moments of human experience, moments of insight into the heart of the mystery of things, moments of spiritual struggle, when, through high endeavor of the individual, something was won for the race. We must not lose any high standards dreamed, divined, achieved in the past, of courage, of courtesy, of fair play, of holiness. All that will enkindle the mind of youth to finer and higher aspiration should be kept constantly before them, for many and many an aspect of the great past will enlarge the present and secure the future. A race cannot too vigilantly guard that which has been its profoundest manifestation of inner life: old insights, old ideals made secure for all time in beauty of expression—our country will indeed be poorer for all time if it ignores, neglects, rides over at break-neck pace its chiefest treasure. The austerity, the height of ideals therein expressed, the resolute turning away from all shows and mere outer appearance to the souls of things —America, our America that has forgotten or never known has need to remember. Now is the time to do battle in the name of the spirit, with every possible weapon that can be put into the hands of the young, for the lost provinces of the soul, our *anima irridenta.*

MARGARET SHERWOOD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAD PHILOSOPHER

CALE YOUNG RICE

They let him wander as he will
By wood and river, vale and hill,
Though snapped by madness are the strings
Of his wan mind's imaginings.

And often his sad spirit's breath
Will chant of life and love and death,
Twanging upon the broken ends
Of strings that some chance moment mends.

"The harlot moon still clings to earth,"
He croons, "the love's of little worth.
Cold as the spirit of a star
Her lips and eyes and bosom are. . . .

"Within some sky beyond the sky
There is a whisper Why, Why, Why?
If I could climb the wind to it,
Of frenzy earth should soon be quit. . . .

"A person lives that men call God.
I caught him once within a clod.
He is not really God at all,
But only atoms that can crawl. . . .

"Hey diddle, many sorrows be
Within the womb of destiny.
That's why the thrush will chant all day—
To keep from hearing men who pray. . . .

"The sweet sweet herb of happiness
Grows ever less and less and less.
I'm sure it is because men look
At their own image in the brook. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

" A bride is such a lily thing;
She lets you bind her with a ring.
I see Queen Gwin and Lancelot—
But Arthur's face is all a blot. . . .

" Lean down and I will tell you why
The stars are lighted in the sky.
They are for tapers on the bier
Of—hush! don't say it: He is near. . . .

" The owl is hooting what o'clock
The Judgment Day at last shall knock.
But time who whips us to the grave
Is the one saviour who can save. . . .

" I'll vow it, though to Hell I'm sunk:
God with the whole world's tears is drunk! . . .
That's why He is not God at all
But only atoms made to crawl. . . .

" Yet if you love a maid then all
The atoms do not seem to crawl
So heartlessly: though why it is
Can be no business of His. . . .

So sings he in the little whiles
That health again half on him smiles,
Twanging the sadly broken strings
Of his poor mind's imaginings.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A LITANY

I call Thee not Infinite Love,
For unbeloved vast millions go;
Nor Infinite, Eternal Truth,
Since half our faiths from falsehood flow.
I call Thee not Omnipotence,
Who still let degradation be;
Nor yet Omniscience—else thine eyes
Most vainly see!
I call Thee not Divine—if so
I must bow down to Thee in awe;
Nor unrelenting Fate—nor more
Relentless Law.
I call Thee but the World's Great Life,
Who art myself, and fight with me
The spirit-ward, immortal strife
For what should be.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GUSTAF FRÖDING, SWEDISH LYRIC POET

BY CHARLES WHARTON STORK

"ART was born in parochialism, and cosmopolitanism has killed it." So Mr. George Moore is reported to have said in a recent interview on the death of Art, an event which Mr. Moore places with obliging definiteness about 1880. Now Gustaf Fröding's first and most popular volume appeared in 1891. Anyone familiar with the volume is led to wonder: first, whether Mr. Moore had any knowledge of it; and secondly, if he had not, what he would say if he had. One thing is certain; namely, that much of modern Swedish literature, and of Fröding's poetry in particular, is as parochial as the writings of Theocritus or of Burns. As these latter names bring before us visions of Sicily and Ayrshire, so to every Swedish reader the name of Fröding is inseparably connected with his native province of Vermland.

Of course, Mr. Moore might go on to say that, though Art must be parochial, all that is parochial is not therefore Art. This brings us to the real crux of the matter in hand. It will undoubtedly seem daring to assert that the lyric poetry of Sweden during the nineteenth century will compare creditably with that of any European nation in the same period. Nevertheless, few who have come to know the Swedish lyric with any degree of sympathy will hesitate to maintain such a position. Enthusiasts in the cause feel that they have only to overcome the natural prejudice that because a thing is unknown, it is therefore not worth knowing. A particular difficulty is that, despite the small effort necessary to master the language, probably very few persons can be persuaded to enjoy Swedish poetry in the original. This difficulty has been overcome by translations in the case of the Russian novel, and already, in Swedish, for Strindberg in the drama and Selma Lagerlöf in prose fiction. Poetical translation, however, is admittedly a more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difficult field of effort. The only practicable course is to venture on boldly, with the remote hope of being, like Fitzgerald, one of the exceptions that prove the rule.

Though the varied power and charm of the Swedish lyric as a whole cannot be even indicated here, we can hardly approach Fröding properly without a brief survey of his predecessors. The modern Swedish lyric, which had its roots in the folk-song, assumed conscious artistic form about 1750. At first it was largely influenced by German, Italian and French models. The greatest of the early names is that of Karl Mikael Bellman, a consummate master of verse improvisation, who died in 1795. Shortly after 1800, the influence of English and German Romanticism began to be apparent. The most popular writer of this period is Esaias Tegnér, whose masterpiece, the often translated *Frithiof's Saga,* is rather epic than lyric. As in the case of other countries, Romanticism in Sweden was largely characterized by a sentimental interest in the past. In the midst of this, however, appeared a poet of strong native tendencies in the person of Johan Ludwig Runeberg, one of the Swedish inhabitants of Finland. Runeberg turned for his inspiration directly to nature and to the peasant living close to the soil. He was, therefore, the lineal ancestor of Fröding. But though Runeberg was followed by Viktor Rydberg, a poet of much vigor and popularity, there was a dearth of significant names in the period from 1850 to 1870.

Swedish poetry was kindled by the fire of a new personality when in 1869 Count Snoilsky published his poems of travel. Snoilsky, like Goethe, was for a long time a passionate pilgrim in the south, and only returned permanently to Sweden in his later life. In the main, he was an epicurean lover of beauty, and it was rather the combined fervor and elegance of his style than his choice of material which inspired the rising school of young poets. Nevertheless, a number of his later poems deal with the landscape and history of Sweden, and his lyric *In the Porcelain Factory* stoutly declares that it is better to model plain white-ware for the needs of hungry and thirsty working-folk than to design precious trifles for the boards of the idle and overfed.

In 1891, the date of Snoilsky's return to Sweden, there suddenly sprang into being a new school of poetry, which went far beyond him in expressing various phases of the modern individualistic and democratic spirit. "This po-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

etry"—to quote Mr. Edmund Gosse—"was manifested almost simultaneously in the works of three very great lyrical artists, Fröding, Levertin and Heidenstam." Without challenging the statement of Mr. Gosse, we may add that, in the universal judgment of the Swedish people, Fröding is now ranked as the greatest poet of his time, if not of the whole range of the national literature. As Heidenstam is still living, and the tradition of Fröding's realism has been preserved by such able writers as Daniel Fallström and Erik Axel Karlfeldt, it will be seen that Swedish poetry is even to-day in a very strong position.

Fröding the man is hardly less interesting than Fröding the artist. He was born in 1860, near Karlstad in the inland province of Vermland, the native district also of Selma Lagerlöf. Vermland is a region of woods, lakes and small mountains; the landscape is full of pastoral charm, and the people are noted for their quixotic love of adventure and their genial humor. The quiet beauty of the summers is shown in the lighter and gentler side of Fröding's poetry; the severity of the winters infused into his style the realism with which he depicts the rude strength and high spirits of the peasantry in their sports, their superstitions and their struggle for existence. It is not surprising to find, as the product of such a climate, a literature full of contrasts more violent than any with which we are familiar. In short, Fröding, the man and the poet, is much what we should expect from an environment that created Selma Lagerlöf's thrilling and tender masterpiece, *The Saga of Gösta Berling*.

Fröding was the son of a retired army officer in moderate circumstances, but from a naturally independent disposition he early began to follow his own devices. He studied at the University of Upsala from 1880 to 1883, but returned to Karlstad to teach school and work on a newspaper. His studies brought English and German influences to bear on his mind. In his collected poems we find significantly two translations of Burns, two of Byron and one of Shelley—a selection of models both democratic and revolutionary. In 1889 he was writing parodies of Heine in German from a German rest-cure establishment. Lenau, who it will be remembered succumbed to insanity, was another of Fröding's favorites. Classical allusions and quotations from Shakespeare are fairly frequent and always

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apposite. Fröding's general knowledge of history and literature was wide, though not extraordinary.

The first volume of Fröding's poems appeared, as already indicated, in 1891, under the well chosen symbolic title of *Guitar and Accordion.* Its success was great and immediate. Other volumes followed rapidly up to 1898, when there came a sudden break. The resemblance of Fröding to Burns extended to his life as well as to his poetry. The startling career of the Swedish poet was closed by the results of dissipation; he went entirely out of his mind, and spent several years in the hospital at Upsala. When he was finally restored to himself, his poetic power, or the desire to exercise it, had vanished. He became a strict religionist, and repudiated all of his early work. His attempt to write religious poetry was, on the whole, a failure. Two volumes of prose and verse, *Gleanings,* containing a few good early pieces, appeared in 1910. He died at Stockholm in 1911.

Were we to accept Fröding's final estimate of his poetry, we might in a novel sense repeat the well-worn line, "The evil that men do lives after them." From the publication of his first volume the poet has been idolized with increasing devotion by all classes of his fellow-countrymen. As practical testimony to this, we may note that over thirty thousand sets of his collected poems have been sold, though the total number of Swedish-speaking people is not much over seven millions. Reckoning the inhabitants of the British Isles, Canada and the United States at a hundred and forty millions, this would be equivalent to a sale of six hundred thousand copies for a poet writing in English. After Fröding's death, though he had been for many years unproductive and secluded from the world, his funeral was celebrated with such tributes and general demonstrations as are commonly given to royalty alone. Even now it is said that his grave is kept covered with fresh flowers.

The literary movement in Sweden which Fröding typifies is like the Elizabethan Period of England in this important respect: namely, that in it an influx of new culture came suddenly enough to catch the old peasant spirit. Such a condition is made possible by the fact that in Sweden the strength and independence of the peasantry has been unusually well preserved, as may be seen in Selma Lagerlöf's novel *Jerusalem.* Thus it is that Fröding can unite the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vivid beauty and culture of Snoilsky with the sympathy for peasant life which descends from Runeberg.

The two salient characteristics of Swedish literature as a whole are: first, a remarkable closeness to the earth, reminding one rather of primitive than of modern poetry; and secondly, on the other side, a purely visionary gift, a sort of clairvoyance in the realm of the imagination. It is the former of these qualities which distinguishes Fröding's early poems, the large group dealing with the scenery and the life of Vermland. These often resemble types which are familiar among the poems of Burns. There are supernatural pieces reminding one of *Tam O'Shanter,* scenes of ranting rustic merriment like those in *The Three Jolly Beggars,* and many satires on hypocrisy which recall the keen drollery of *Holy Willie's Prayer.*

Fröding's poetry is too cerebral to indulge often in the artless flow of song so dear to lovers of Burns. As we should expect from their education, the resemblance between the two is not one of style, but of material and temperament. An early victim to wine and woman, Fröding had an understanding sympathy for the whole race of his erring fellow-men, excepting only those of the "unco guid." He finds human qualities in animals, and even in so grewsome a personage as *The Old Troll,* the anthropophagous female giant of Norse tradition. Like Burns again, he has a wide command of humor, alternately genial, grim and ironic.

We shall now attempt to illustrate some of the qualities which we have been attributing to the Vermland poems, offering no other apology than the remark of Mr. Gosse that "few writers defy translation into a foreign tongue more completely than Gustaf Fröding."

A spirited picture of nocturnal merrymaking in the open is found in *They Danced by the Roadside,*[1] of which the last stanzas are quoted. There is a beauty more delicate than Burns could attain in the interlude of natural description:

[1] The translations used in this article are from *Gustaf Fröding: Selected Poems.* They are reproduced here by permission of the publishers. The stanzas from "They Danced by the Roadside" appeared first in the *American Scandinavian Review,* and are quoted with acknowledgments to the American-Scandinavian Foundation. The quatrain beginning "I only know that the fir-trees" is from Fröding's poem "In the Woods," and has not been previously printed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They danced there as madly as tow set afire,
All jumping like grasshoppers higher and higher,
And heel it rang sharp upon stone.
The coat-tails they fluttered, the dominoes flew,
And pig-tails were flapping, and skirts flung askew,
While the music would whimper and drone.

Then in birch or in alder or hazel thicket
There was whispering light as the chirp of a cricket
From the shadowy darkness near.
Over stock, over stone there was flight and pursuing,
And under green boughs there was billing and cooing:—
"If you want me, then come for me here!"

Over all lay the twinkling, star-lovely night;
In the wood-bordered bay a shimmery light
Fell soft on the hurrying waves.
A breeze, clover-laden, was borne from the meadow,
And a resinous whiff from the pines that o'ershadow
The crests of the water-worn caves.

A fox lent his voice to the revellers' din,
And "Oohoo!" from Bear Crag an owl joined in;
But they heard not, they heeded not, they.
"Oohoo!" from Goat Mountain the echo rang,
And for answer Nils Utterman's bagpipes sang
Their doodely, doodely, day!

But we are neglecting to mention the field in which Fröding's genius is most conspicuous, that of compressed narrative in lyric form. Here he challenges the supremacy of Kipling, or, indeed, one is inclined to say, of any modern poet. Some, but not all, of the Vermland poems are rough and sinister in tone; many gay and idyllic pieces could be cited. A strain of personal feeling appears in several reminiscent pictures, and this leads us naturally across from the earlier and more objective to the later, more subjective and imaginative division of Fröding's work.

The hard life of the north has inclined many Russian and Scandinavian writers toward realism, and realism means largely first-hand experience. In Fröding's autobiographical poems, however, this groundwork is illuminated by the visionary faculty which we have already noted as peculiar to Swedish literature. With Fröding this faculty is peculiarly subtle and fascinating. Of his autobiographical pieces by far the most important are *The Ball* and *A*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Girl in the Eyes, which are also among the longest of all his poems, running to some two hundred and fifty lines each.

The Ball, which comes first in the series of lyrics *From the City,* is one of the best-known poems in Swedish. Nothing is more contagious in Fröding's personality than the healthy fun he has, and conveys, in describing his own eccentricities. The picture of an unconventional youth, uncomfortably dressed, at a formal dance has seldom been surpassed. Next we have the hero's plunge from Byronic cynicism to Byronic fervor, as Elsa Erne, the heroine, appears on the scene. It may be noted in parentheses that there are eleven changes of metre in the poem, corresponding to the changes of mood. The hero makes a sad failure of his attempt to dance, and relapses into a fit of depression that is delightfully humorous when he begins " to speak as Hamlet does in tragic ire."

> Then, looking at the floor, I said at last:
> " Miss Erne, full well you know that youth is dead,
> That love is vain, and life a desert vast,
> Through which like pallid ghosts we mortals tread
> And see like smoke our fond illusions going,
> In the last rays of twilight faintly glowing."

Naturally the gentleman receives a smart rebuff, and beholds Miss Erne sailing away,

> " A trim yacht on the white wave of the dance,"

under the conduct of a better pilot.

Here most poets would end the story, but this is exactly where Fröding's treatment is most characteristic. Disappointed in fact, the sentimentalist takes refuge in fancy. He and Elsa are transported in spirit to " The Seventh Heaven's festal hall," where they behold angels and lovers dancing. Finally, in a passage of extraordinary daring, the hero describes how he leads his lovely partner before the Throne, and introduces himself and her to the Master of the Dance.

> Then God smiles down with gentle irony
> And good, grandfather-like solemnity:
> " I'm glad that such a pair as you have come.
> Take what you find here, make yourselves at home,
> Amid these other youngsters have your fling,
> And waltz till Heaven's arches seem to swing! "

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No doubt some readers will be shocked by what they feel to be the irreverence of the preceding quotation, and it must be conceded that a good deal of Fröding's best poetry is not for the morally fastidious. This fault, if fault it be, is, however, not one of decadence, but simply of boldness and frankness. Other examples of it occur through *A Girl in the Eyes,* a poem by no means as charming as *The Ball,* but even more remarkable as a bit of self-revelation. The underlying motive is, to put it baldly, a love-affair with a bar-maid. But one shudders at seeing the poem so denominated. There is a pathetic ideality about the poor drunken seeker for love that can never be forgotten by those who are not afraid to understand such a creature. As in *The Ball,* Fröding slips from the actual to the imaginary with an ease that baffles analysis. Presto! the bar-maid is an odalisque in a caliph's castle, from which the sordid hero, now become a knight-errant, is about to rescue her with a boat and ladder.

In *The Ball* and *A Girl in the Eyes* we have observed the blending of the real with the fanciful. We may now examine the poet's ability to visualize various themes drawn from purely imaginary sources. This is in some ways his most remarkable field. Here the master shows the full range of his power: we find lyrics of abstract sentiment; scenes from the Bible, from the classics, from various odd corners of history and literature; visions of the Orient (always a favorite subject for northern poets); and even *Dreams in Hades.* And it is most important of all Fröding's poetic gifts that whatever scene or action he undertakes to describe he brings immediately before the eyes of the reader, and invests with universal significance.

He can picture Prince Aladdin when, robbed of his magic lamp and ring, he reels along the street of Bagdad "in ragged helplessness"; and, furthermore, the figure of Aladdin is made to typify the ever-recurring tragedy of genius. This pessimistic note is struck with even greater power in the lines *See Where the Dreamer Comes!* derived from Genesis 37:19, in which the envy of Joseph's brethren is made to represent the hatred of the world for the "son of the Spirit." Not often have eight lines been made to carry a greater weight of meaning:

> See where the Dreamer comes! (they said),
> Turning this way his downcast head.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On lonely paths he wanders far;
He is not as we others are.

He dreams that—curse his lying dream!—
Sun, moon and stars all bow to him.

He is our father's dearest son;
Come, let us slay him and have done!

Thus far we have been considering Fröding mainly from the descriptive and emotional side. We may now try to epitomize his philosophy, his "message." One phase of Fröding's modernity is that he exhibits a more incisive intellect than does any other Swedish poet; in this respect he belongs with Strindberg. No fixed type or institution can escape his scrutiny. His delight in life, his passion for reality, however sinister, has been implied. His manner of making the external world seem to sympathize with human feeling must surely have been suggested by Heine. Does not this quatrain recall any one of a dozen from *Buch der Lieder?*

I only know that the fir-trees
Are wrapped in a mourning-veil,
And the brooks and the fountains darken
When the wind has told them its tale.

Fröding in the main is, like Heine, very sound in distinguishing between genuine feeling and sentimentality. His position on sex, as expressed in *Man and Woman,* is that the descendants of Adam and Eve are destined alternately to love and loathe each other, but always to live together. In *A Love Song* he confesses that his praise of ideal love is homage bestowed on an unknown god. His most emphatic conviction as to humanity in general is that of universal forgiveness. We find this beautifully brought out in *Dreams in Hades,* and again in *A Poor Monk of Skara;* the latter, as a summary of life, is undoubtedly Fröding's masterpiece. His brilliant power of contrast is never more effective than when despair changes to hope in the heart of the hero, who is being punished for the murder of a brother monk:

They shut me up in a gloomy cell,
Then drove me out with beasts to dwel., —
Wild beasts that catch with cruel claw,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And tear their prey, and bite and gnaw.
They taught me hatred, sin and deceit,
While bitterness was my drink and meat.
I felt myself doomed to death and damnation,
In Satan's power beyond salvation;
Condemned to hell at the Judgment Day,
I lusted now to burn and slay.
But the sigh of the woods, the voice of the stream,
The beauty of morning's wakening gleam,
And the weeping sound of the autumn rain, —
These brought me back to love again.

To the substance and general character of Fröding's poetry we have now devoted as much attention as a limited treatment will permit. Enough quotations have also been inserted to give some idea of the author's variety of form. The translations, whatever their defects, follow the Swedish very closely in rhythm and rhyme-scheme. We should not, however, pass over the stylistic qualities of the original, which can scarcely at best be conveyed through an English version.

In the first place, Fröding's poetic diction is unusually direct. Improving on the model of Snoilsky, he avoids the common Swedish fault of diffuseness. In detail he follows the natural prose order of the words, avoiding the periphrases and inversions which are common to sentimental verse in all languages. This naturalism is not attained by a descent toward the rhythm of free verse, or prose, whichever one wishes to call it. On the contrary, Fröding's metres and verse-schemes are clear-cut, and his lines nearly all end-stopped. His compactness of phrasing is equally remarkable; he keeps the mid-path between bareness and superfluity of detail with unfailing instinct. In a given number of words few poets can say more or can state what they do say more effectively. This quality at least should be to some degree perceptible in translation. As to range and preciseness of expression, it should be mentioned that Fröding's vocabulary is astonishingly large, new words being obtained by literally borrowing from the German and French, by poetical coinages and compounds, and by the free use of dialect in the peasant poems. It has been said, no doubt with some exaggeration, that Strindberg and Fröding have doubled the potential expressiveness of their native tongue.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We come now to the question of imagery, which so many critics regard as the test of poetical greatness. In this phase of his art, we are again impressed by Fröding's naturalism of style. His figures of speech have an undeniably fresh, new-minted gleam. The senses respond to them; seldom, or never, have they the tepid feel of conventionality. Fröding has the instinct for appropriateness: according as the context may demand, his comparisons are simple with the simplicity of an impressionable child or peasant, and daring with the daring of genius. In the former class is the description of *The Wood Sprite:*

> For she was as quick and lithe
> As a snake that squirms on a scythe.

For the higher imaginative type take the following from *Dreams in Hades,* a poem in which vague sensations are connoted with wonderful definiteness:

> The moon shone in, but with so chill a beam
> Methought 'twas like St. Elmo's fire in bloom
> Upon some mast o'er darkened waves below,
> Like phosphor-wood too, or the moss-fed gleam
> Of Will-o'-the-Wisp, or when above a tomb
> On St. John's Eve we see a fitful glow.

Homely, comic, grotesque, fanciful or nobly ideal, the sensuous imagery of Fröding is adequate to its function.

Turning to the more mechanical side of Fröding's style, we find great skill and variety of metrical and stanzaic form. In longer poems, such as *The Ball,* this form may change half a dozen or more times to convey the alternation of the moods. Only once in his better-known poems does Fröding dispense with rhyme and regular metre, oddly enough in the first piece in his collected works, an imitation of *The Song of Songs* transferred to the atmosphere of Vermland. In a large majority of cases, he keeps to a strict pattern, with rhyme throughout; sometimes in an informal poem there will be extra lines, mostly rhymed, thrown in haphazard. The regular patterns are often felicitous, and are generally unprecedented in any literature. English poets may well consider the possibilities which they open.

When we consider the handling of rhythm within the line, we note that Swedish has kept closer to the old accentual system of the primitive Teutonic than have English or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German. With humorous or otherwise informal motives, extra syllables may occur almost anywhere within the line. This is, of course, only another instance of Fröding's instinct for appropriateness, and another means by which he gives the close-to-life impression so often spoken of. Dr. Leach, in his book *Scandinavia of the Scandinavians,* calls Fröding a "marvellous metrician," and he is in truth no less. The difficulties of the translator in trying to reproduce his effects are repaid by the pleasure of studying such a master of technic.

In conclusion, we may be inclined to ask: Where as a whole are we to rank this new poet? To attempt any final decision here would be both presumptuous and inconclusive. We can only answer the question by another: What recent lyric poet is more sincerely powerful, more honestly original; more universal in appeal, more penetrating, more varied in mood and subject; more simple, compact and effective in style; more finished in the mastery of his art? That Fröding deserves a high place in modern literature no one familiar with his poetry can doubt. We might be tempted to go further and claim for our favorite a place among the lyric masters of all time; with Pindar and Catullus, with Walther von der Vogelweide, with Villon, and with Burns. With each of these the Swedish poet has some affinity. But it must be confessed that no one under the domination of Fröding's magic is capable for the moment of passing fairly on the claims of a rival.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEATH-DOORS AND ASPHODEL

BY GERTRUDE E. T. SLAUGHTER

Some of the oldest palaces of medieval Perugia are to be found in the Via dei Priori, a narrow street that falls in steep descent from the Palazzo Publico, with its projecting spikes in readiness for the heads of the city's enemies, to the Church of Our Lady of Light. It was up through this street that the ten Priors of the city were led with pomp and circumstance to their assembly-place. Clothed in flowing robes and heavy chains of gold, they were escorted by trumpeters with silver trumpets to their accustomed seats of damask in the public square. At the foot of the hill, the street leads out through the fortress wall to the Church of Saint Francis of the Field, where Raniero, the reputed founder of the Order of the Flagellants, was one day joined by bands of angels who scourged themselves before the high altar and thereby gave divine sanction to a new method of salvation. Many other legends hang about this street down which poured, in later times, the blood of the High and Mighty Baglioni. But no tale of pope or saint or warrior is more curious or more significant than one dim and half-lost legend which, lacking the colour and the personal interest of the others, is preserved only in certain lines of stonework in the palaces that face the street. The low doorways of these dwelling houses are made of travertine carved into garlands of fruit and flowers, and close beside them, in the same grey palace walls, may be traced the outlines of other doors, taller and narrower, pointed at the top and unadorned, and filled in now with bricks and mortar. These are the doorways of the dead,—the *porte del Mortuccio,* they were called. Through their narrow openings the bodies of the dead were carried out of the palace, and they were then walled up again or they were closed with heavy doors secured by bars

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of iron. According to the legend, the Spirit of Death would enter in again by the same door by which he had passed out. And so, because it was easier to break through the solid masonry of their walls than to re-shape the fabric of their fancy, they opened doorways for the dead and closed them against his next approach.

It is a curious illustration of the spirit of the times, this attempt to shut out death with stone and mortar. Such a legend, preserved in stone or verse, will often reveal more clearly than many histories the vital principle by which the people lived. And especially is this true when it concerns the dead. For the thought of death is the foundation of religion, and nothing is more significant of the quality of a civilization than its attitude toward death.

The legend that is written in the Perugian death-doors is a typical instance, even if an isolated one, of the changes that had come over the world since the days when the ancient poet had said: "To desire impossibilities is the sickness of the soul." It was a truism of the pagan world as we know it that it is folly to struggle against the inevitable, that not even the gods strive with necessity, that death waits for all alike, the mighty and the lowly, the strong and the weak. "From all lands the wind that blows to Hades is the same." Death was the one inexorable god whom no sacrifice could appease, whom no human act could touch. From him there was no deliverance, "neither by wealth nor by war, nor by many-towered walls, nor by dark, sea-beaten ships."

It was in the power of the Greek genius to involve the fact of death in a form of beauty that was at once a veil to hide its ugliness and a light to illuminate its truth. The Greek's fear of death was his unwillingness to lose the light of the sun. He hated the darkness in proportion as he loved the light; and he was intensely conscious of the fact of death as the dark background of the vivid life he loved. To relieve that background, he cast over his thought of death a glimmer of pale blossoms. He peopled the abodes of dream with the souls of the departed; who lived there a dim reflection of the life of earth; and he carpeted the meadows where they walked with asphodel.

As a flower of earth, the asphodel depends for its beauty upon its surroundings. It fades at the mere touch of the commonplace. Growing by a dusty roadside, it is colorless

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and coarse. It lacks distinction and has barely the power to arrest the eye. While the broom or the gentian conquers the shower of dust and rises boldly to match the sun or the sky, the asphodel is reduced to nothingness, to a dull and graceless shadow. But rising among the fallen columns of a Greek temple, these clusters of dim blossoms possess a rare and unforgettable beauty. Their tall forms are sculpturesque in their calm dignity. Their ashen petals are tinged with a pale, evanescent pink. Their leaves are the shadow of green. They are the flowers of all flowers that must have grown in the gracious twilight of the gods. "There, in the land of dreams, beyond the gates of the sun, in meadows of asphodel, dwell the phantoms of men outworn." And from there came back to living men "tales of the dead, haunting as music."

The legend of the asphodel-meadows is typical of a people in whose imaginative grasp of truth poetry and religion were united. They did not attempt to deny the existence of evil and misfortune, of disease and death, but they subdued the grim realization of these things to a tender melancholy. The sorrow and the mystery remained, and an infinite pity for one who must descend to fields of asphodel while poppies still danced in the sun and many-colored anemones still waved among the grasses of earthly fields. The words attributed to Leonidas on the eve of Thermopylae, "To-night we shall sup with Pluto," have been quoted as an illustration of the calmness with which the Greeks viewed the approach of death. But much of the sombre tragedy of Greek literature would have been impossible if the poets had maintained in the affairs of ordinary life this Spartan attitude of the battle field. It is rather the warrior spirit of all times, when, in the face of danger, the issue of life or death becomes as a mere turn to the right or to the left. The typical Greek sought to absorb the thought of death in the ardor of life. He did not strive in "sickness of soul" for the impossible. But to the Middle Ages nothing was impossible, and the rich lord of Perugia set himself with frantic haste to the performance of an act which the ancient world had barely conceived as a possible vagary of human effort and then had condemned as the most foolish of follies.

The old distinction between the ancient and medieval worlds—those time-honored backgrounds into which we so conveniently fitted the scenes of either age—disappear from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the field of the modern historian. However much we may have enjoyed the belief that "the bird of the morning sang through antiquity," we are compelled to regard the Greek mind as weighted with a melancholy that was no less real and persistent than its buoyancy of youthful life. However much we reveled, on the other hand, in what the soulful eyes of emaciated saints told us of the great Christian sacrifice, we are constrained to behold a motley crowd, here and there and everywhere in medieval Europe, vigorous, cruel, and merry, having no concern beyond tomorrow's fray or tonight's *affaire d'amour*. In the light of modern criticism, Homer no longer represents the childhood of a race, the beauty of dawn, the nearest possible approach to nature. According to this view, the Iliad and the Odyssey are a medieval product, written down during the highly cultivated period of a culminating civilization. As for those centuries of European history that we have called the Middle Ages, the term has no longer any real significance, since the latest edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* announced that "the Middle Ages are a myth."

And yet after all is said—when Christian philosophy has been traced to Plato, and, in a similar way, when every break or barrier has been removed from the stream of history—there must remain certain broad distinctions between the pagan and medieval worlds at their best—between, let us say, fifth century Athens and the twelfth century of Italy and France. After all conceivable readjustments of our ideas, it will remain true that the spell by which the Middle Ages holds us is the fascination of strange and stupendous inconsistencies, and that the supreme charm of Greece is the charm of harmony and beauty in all phases of life. If one wishes to find successfully applied to life Joubert's famous maxim for art: that it must combine "*L'Illusion*" with "*La Sagesse*": one looks to Greece. If one wishes to see both love and hatred set loose without restraint; if one wishes to see the conceptions and emotions of the mind at once exalted to their highest and debased to their lowest, one looks to medieval Europe.

An age which had produced Saint Francis and Ezzelino da Romano; an age of which the mighty Hildebrand, despising the world and seeking to rule it, was the chief exponent; an age whose teaching was based on that of Gregory the Great, who was possessed to the depths of his being by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most frantic and barbaric fear; an age which said "the body is naught" and yet devoted the wealth and humanity of two centuries to the recovery of the tomb of Christ from the Infidel; an age of which the primal force was the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, while the dead bones of a martyr became its seat of authority from which was decreed the fate of nations—such an age repels and attracts by its incomprehensible contrasts.

The difference between an age of such inconsistencies and the time of Phidias and Sophocles is apparent in many phases of art and life, but nowhere is it more evident than in their characteristic views of death.

It was the tendency of Greek thought to justify the ways of nature and to concentrate the forces of the mind upon the cultivation of the art of life. Whatever weakened that effort or brought it to an untimely end was lamentable misfortune. The brevity of life, therefore, rather than any thought of death, became to the Greek a motive for action. "If life were eternal," said Sarpedon to Glaucus, "never would I fight here in the foremost ranks. But, since ten thousand fates of death every way beset us, now let us go forward and try it out, whether we shall give glory to others or they to us." To the Greek, not death was bitter, since that was the common fate of all, but to die before the allotted time or before one had received his due of happiness and honor. "Why gatherest thou the unripe grapes of youth?" said one to Hermes. "Pity him who was beautiful and died," said an Athenian epitaph. The Homeric hero going down to death bewailed his fate in that he must lose manhood and youth. He slept the sleep of bronze most piteously because he had lost his hope of joy in his wedded wife. According to Thucydides in the great oration of Pericles, "They may be deemed fortunate who have gained honor and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life." The sombre truth underlying so much of Greek tragedy, that no man is to be counted happy until his death, implied a fear, not that the end would arrive too soon, but that it would delay too long, until the proud nature of man had called down Nemesis upon himself and so destroyed his joy in life.

All this is the very antithesis of the medieval view. It cannot be wholly true, as Machiavelli maintained, that Christianity had made cowards of men. Too many other causes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been at work in the long centuries of the mingling of Latin civilization with barbaric culture. Moreover it may be asserted without fear of contradiction that the most triumphant note of all religions is the Christian's cry: "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?" How was it possible that, under the domination of a religion with so courageous a watchword, the whole world should be stricken with terror and fall prostrate beneath the burden of an impending fate? Was it that the horrors of Hell had so wrought upon the mind that dread of the Last Judgment had resolved itself into an abject fear of death? Certain it is that from the time of Gregory's profound concern for the damnation of the wicked, and, still more sweeping, of the indifferent or the unconvinced, the preoccupation with the thought of death had grown apace, and every means was seized upon for postponing the day which should open the door, perhaps to everlasting joy, but more probably to everlasting woe. The death doors of Perugia are but one of many mechanical devices by which men sought to ward off the inevitable. "*L'art de chicaner avec Dieu*" was practiced everywhere, not alone by the vulgar crowd, but by the leaders and the teachers. Statecraft was imbued with it. Even chivalric love was not free from it: and the most joyous of lovers were likely to end their days behind the closed doors of some convent wall (the most popular of all contrivances) to escape this haunting fear. The religion of the day had so far fallen from its spiritual ideal of perfect peace that whereas Jerome had said: "In the mind walk abroad in Paradise," Pietro Damiani, following the lead of Gregory the Great, exhorted his hearers to "ponder upon death alone," to "meditate upon the tomb," and to "brood with quaking bowels over the sudden coming of the Day of Judgment."

They who had said "There is no death" stood shuddering before its spectre. Those who believed that, for the righteous, death was the exchange of earthly tribulations for everlasting bliss exalted the dead Christ above the living and adored the Crucifix, counting the sorrows of his life as nothing compared to the suffering of his death. But the Greeks, who offered no crowns of glory after death, looked to the end more calmly and accepted it more easily. Resignation is not primarily a Christian virtue.

When, in the tragedy of Euripides, none but Alcestis

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was found who would die that Admetus, the king, might live, it was counted a shame to his aged parents that they refused to surrender their brief remaining space of life in order that he might enjoy the long years that were his due. And when Alcestis of her own will went down to Hades, no horror mingled with adoration was aroused, but only infinite pity that one so young and happy was to exchange the richness of life for the dullness of death.

The Greeks faced death as a fact, dwelt for a moment on the pity of it, and then turned with renewed vigour to the pursuits of life.

So calm was the Greek's temper of mind that he could, without shrinking, admire the beauty of physical death. Herodotus tells the story of the youth Philippus whom the people of Segeste had slain in battle and stripped of his clothing; but because of his great beauty they repented them of their deed, buried him with all ceremony, and honored him as a hero.

In the sixteenth century, when Matarazzo wrote his Chronicles of Perugia, pagan ideas were again returning to earth, for, in the midst of that turbulent tale that so well depicts the fantastic life of the later Middle Ages, we come upon such descriptions as these: "On his Lordship's body fell such a storm of blows that he lay there with his winsome limbs all stretched on the earth. Then at once the soul left that beautiful body and departed." "All wept to see the life fail from those fair limbs and they stood and gazed so earnestly on that comely form that they utterly forgot to fight."

To an age in which truth was to be worshiped "without form or comeliness and fastened to the cross," physical death had quite another meaning. It was not enough that, in their refusal to become dust and ashes, men had reduced the whole world to ashes. To make life in reality "the body of this death" which they had declared it to be, they venerated with a grim and shuddering fascination the dead bones of saints and martyrs. This is the dark side of a variegated world—the black shadow that clung to its brightest visions and most radiant ideals. Everyone knows the story of this strange frenzy—how tamed Saxon kings left off their feats of prowess to make pilgrimages to the graves of saints; how Lombard chieftains thought it worth their while to ransack tombs for fragments of dry bones; how

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

popes ordered the bodies of anti-popes to be thrown into the Tiber to put an end to their miracles; and how, in outbursts of hatred, bodies were snatched from the tomb and put on trial, condemned for crimes against Holy Church and denied the right of Christian burial.

Everyone knows, too, how devils and demons peopled the air and drowned the voice of God with their noisy clamour. It was often a matter of nice reckoning for the frightened mortal to know which voice it were wise to follow. When Peter the Cruel, on his way to meet Bertrand du Guesclin, lost his way in a marsh, his followers exhorted him: "Sire, be of good courage, for God and his Mother will guide and save you." "*Je ne sais pas, dit il, comment la fortune en va, mais je me tiens à qui a le plus de puissance, soit de diable ou de Dieu.*"

Trembling fear gave way in feverish reaction to the grotesque mirth of the Dance of Death. Albrecht Dürer's Death and the Knight, although typically medieval in design, is much too calm in spirit to belong to this frantic age. It does in fact belong, like Matarazzo's Chronicles, to a later time when the ideals of an age of reason were breathing a different spirit into familiar images and forms of thought. Grim and grotesque materialism continued, however, throughout that great twelfth century, when Italian cities were enjoying their most complete independence, when French Communes were being emancipated, when artisan guilds were at their height, when Chrétien de Troyes was composing his songs of King Arthur and his knights. And all throughout this time monks were ascending the thirteen steps of humility, and the pure prayers of saints were mounting up to heaven. It was the best period of the great cathedrals, where, beneath arches and spires that rise with a mighty sweep of power toward the upper air, sculptured saints and prophets and angels join company with contorted monsters—the divine dream of faith with the grotesque nightmare of a haunting fear.

The wisest souls of all ages have attempted to free the mind from the fear of death. Plato's Socrates, seeking for his companions a charm which should frighten away "that hobgoblin, the fear of death"; Epicurus and Lucretius, formulating a religion of death which should prove that the great curse is in reality the great blessing; and in that later pagan world, when the revolt against death, destined to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become hysterical, was already manifest, Marcus Aurelius, recalling to men's minds the fact that death is natural, like flowers in Spring; and a thousand years later, Saint Francis of Assisi, rising above the conception of his times and saying to corruption, " Thou art my brother," and to the worm, " Thou art my sister "—these are but a few of the masters who have offered to mankind a way of escape, not from the reality of death, but from the degradation of its fear.

In the shifting mirrors of modern life the ideals of all ages are reflected. In every country of the western world, the old religion lasts on with its medieval cosmogony and its relics of the saints. Along the shores of Brittany—and not there alone—the spirits of the dead still walk by night and control by their demands the actions of the living. In the Spanish Escorial, where the ruling monarch descends the marble steps and sees among the tombs of his ancestors the sarcophagus that was prepared for him centuries ago, there is preserved the temper of a people who still make the naked fact of death the chief lesson of life.

But these things are survivals. It has not been the habit of our generation to look toward the approach of death as a warning or a spur to action. We have not been preoccupied with the thought of death or of what may lie beyond. Perhaps even before the Christian hell had lost its terrors the Christian heaven had lost its charm.

In our effort to develop the powers of life for our own and future generations we have approached nearer, through evolutionary and altruistic teaching, to a world-consciousness which makes our own personal end of ever more remote concern. We have striven to enlarge our spirit to include, as far as possible, the life of the universe.

Death is itself the great doorway to all mystery—the two-faced god Janus, looking back to joy or pain and forward to light or darkness. Yet we have sought, in the delights and torments of our busy days, to put the thought of death aside as a hindrance to the demands of life.

There is also an organized research by learned men who venerate unalterable law and yet fix their attention upon the forward look of the two-faced god. They believe that the door is closed not upon inscrutable mystery, but upon a palpable world that may be explored by the mortal mind. To them no sea is so dark that they will not tempt

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it with an adventurous sail. It is one of the strange surprises of modern life that just when we had issued from the "fight with death" over which the generation of *In Memoriam* agonized; just as we had turned away from their pre-occupation as from a darkening of vision, and had begun to say to ourselves: "All that we know is this: We are here. Let us make what we can of our world": just then the great enigma became the subject of experimental science.

It is true that no sounds have yet been heard from that region of mystery which can compare in grandeur and majesty with its unbroken silence. Yet, recently, echoes have reached us which have given new meaning and new importance to the great research. Far above the trivial details that can but irritate the skeptical, these echoes of the spirit stir the imagination. Even if they prove nothing—perhaps, indeed, by their very deepening and enlarging of the mystery—they resolve the blackness of death into many hues and qualities of color. They cast over the thought of death a shadow of Beauty, like a "glimmer of pale blossoms."

It is the testimony of the ages that a clear-eyed facing of Death shows him a friend and not a foe. But it is one thing to face him as a scientist, or in the meditative mood of a Maeterlinck, and another to face him in grim reality. What, then, will be the effects of the great upheaval of our times—with its myriad-headed forms of death? If the philosophy of the future is being wrought in the trenches, will the idea in the poems of Corporal Street prevail—that war has stripped Death of his mantle of awe? Will the feeling of a Rupert Brooke be universal?—

> And if these poor limbs die, then safest of all.

Or will the philosophy of the trenches be so modified in millions of desolated homes that the grim monster shall be reinstated and endowed with undreamed-of powers of cruelty? Will he seem no longer an instrument of God, but human-made, and will a fear haunt the fireside that he will still stalk the earth for his prey until he has destroyed the Frankenstein that created him? When the exaltation that sees in this war a divine method of regeneration and the depression that calls it the death-dance of the nations shall both have passed away, will the thought of death be kindly?—

> Though death be poor, he ends a mortal woe.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And will there be any place for the heroic view of Peter Pan that death is the greatest adventure of life?

Certainly there seems to be small chance in the ghastly details of modern warfare for the Greek idea of the beauty of physical death.

When one has climbed the storm-swept mountain above La Cava and stood in the Crypt where all that remains of the First Crusaders is massed in a promiscuous heap of skulls, one realizes as never before the reckless waste of that fierce age, and the great price it paid for its unreasoning devotion. What shall one say among the mountains of corpses that are today piled high to mock earth and heaven? Is one likely to recall the words of Pembroke when he found the dead body of young Arthur rolled at the foot of the castle-wall?—

> O Death, made proud with pure and princely beauty.

Psychologists tell us that the fear of death and the love of life have their origin in the same primitive instinct of self-preservation. But the thread that joins them in one instinct has grown thin. For the keenest lover of life may be dauntless in the face of death, while the weariest prisoner that ever dragged a chain may cringe and tremble in dread of the end. For the courageous spirit, to cling to life is not to fear death. It is to be untamed by any fear and to demand no consolations.

The poet has always made death beautiful. The warlord has always made it hideous. Yet to the young soldier in Paul Bourget's novel death was beautiful as no Greek poet could ever make it, because it was the gift of his life. While, to the wise surgeon gazing calmly at the laws of nature, death was a gnawing fear. Life had become everything to him; as it has been everything to our humanitarian age.

We know how the world was changed by the One Great Sacrifice. What may not result from the multiform sacrifice of the present hour? What reconciliation may we not conceive between the barbaric passion of violent revolt and the calm wisdom of reasonable acceptance in an imaginative grasp of truth?

GERTRUDE E. T. SLAUGHTER.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Richard Strauss and His "Alpine" Symphony.—Shaw's "Getting Married."—"Pierrot the Prodigal."

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

The latest work of the most distinguished living master of music, the *Alpine Symphony* of Richard Strauss, has recently been set before us, for the first time in New York, by that ever-youthful veteran among orchestras, the Philharmonic Society, under the leadership of Mr. Stransky, from whom the eagerly awaited score received an interpretation of singular eloquence. So far as New York is concerned, this lucid and authoritative performance is likely to establish a tradition.

It will doubtless be a temptation to casual commentators upon the *Alpine Symphony* to ascribe its remarkable simplicity and directness of utterance to the presumptive fact that it was composed after the beginning of the War, and so has benefited from that purging and simplifying process which the activity of the belligerents is supposed to be exerting upon the arts. But alas for the tyrannical exactions of fact! Although *Eine Alpensinfonie,* Opus 64, was not completed until February 1915, it was begun as far back as 1911, and so, obviously, derives to a considerable extent from an ante-bellum inspiration. No one but Strauss and his intimates could tell us how much of the music was shaped after August 1, 1914; and so those amiable sentimentalists whose favorite intellectual recreation consists in asserting that the War must inevitably have a "clarifying," or "sobering," or "simplifying" influence upon the alleged turgidity and self-consciousness of the arts, are entitled to get what comfort they can out of their speculations upon this point. Those who are not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

impressed by the hypothesis which regards the War as an agent of æsthetic catharsis have at least as much warrant for believing that the *Alpine Symphony* proves nothing whatever concerning the relation between submarines, gas gangrene, 42-centimeter howitzers, and the art of music. The Strauss of *Salome,* of the *Domestic Symphony,* of *Ein Heldenleben,* of *Don Quixote*—works in which elaboration of design, interior complexity, and luxuriance of surface were carried to an unparalleled degree of realization—this traditional Strauss, so long the bogy of academic æstheticians and the sport of journalistic clowns, has now given us a score of almost Schubertian lucidity and directness. The fact is sufficiently interesting, even if it justifies no vague and complacent anthropological moralizing.

It is reasonable to suppose (and the theory is quite innocent of subtlety) that Strauss, deliberately or not, adapted his manner of speech to the subject of his discourse. He has chosen to speak to us in this work of elemental things. He remembered, perhaps, the challenge of Whitman: "Who shall cultivate the mountain peaks . . . and the tumbling gorgeousness of the clouds?" One is indisposed to be Byzantine while dealing articulately with waterfalls and brooks, woods and meadows, glaciers and mountain tops, storms and calms, Alpine panoramas, dawns and sunsets among the heights. To be spontaneous under the creative spell of these things is to speak naturally, if one can, after the manner of the early gods—with largeness of utterance, with lyrical or majestic directness, with eloquent simplicity; and Strauss is nothing if not spontaneous. His flagrancies and his virtues are the issue of a curiously naïve psychology. Whether he is playing his gamin pranks, or is awash in sentimentalism, or is uttering grandiose puerilities, or tracing fiery scrolls upon the heavens with an apocalyptic brush, he is always apparent—a prodigy of infantile perverseness and flaring inspiration: untamed, uncritical, and an authentic Olympian. Withal, he has a certain primitive tact which, though it does not save him from the buffooneries and excrescences which mar the surface of such a work as the *Domestic Symphony,* enables him intuitively to contrive almost always the perfect *milieu* for the special needs of his conceptions. You forgive his cyclopean gaucheries because of that deep and right instinct which has perceived and evoked the one inevitable mood, the exquis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itely chosen accent, for the conveyance of every subject that has really moved and engrossed him. It is impossible to imagine any other vein for the discourse of *Till Eulenspiegel,* of *Elektra,* of *Don Quixote,* of *Ein Heldenleben,* than the one in which each is distinguishingly couched.

So it is not strange that we find in the *Alpine Symphony* music of a type that consorts ideally with its subject-matter. Strauss has always had a notable command of direct and simple speech. He has Wagner's gift of being at will voluptuous or Doric, luxuriant or austerely plain. The incontinent gorgeousness of the final pages of *Salome* bespeaks him no less typically than the elemental grandeur of the sunrise music in *Zarathustra.* In the *Alpine Symphony* he writes prevailingly in his native vein of simplicity and directness. This score is surprisingly uninvolved. It is almost as easy to read as the score of a Beethoven symphony. After the polyphonic orgies of *Ein Heldenleben* it seems like a reversion to youthful unsophistication. Nothing could be more easily traversed than its thematic material and its unadventurous harmony, which even in chromatic passages harks back to the Wagner-Liszt formulas of a generation ago. The student will be astonished to find that this work contains no hint of the boldly innovating heretic of recent years except in the half-dozen pages that precede the *Gewitter und Sturm* section, where the Straussian specialist will be entertained to come upon the wraiths of certain uncanny dissonances that filled with mysterious horror the decapitation scene in *Salome.*

It is unnecessary to remind the susceptible connoisseur that when Strauss is at his best he can exert his mastery of direct and simple speech in a very wonderful and moving way. Whatever you may regret in him (and his deficiencies and his lapses are so blatant, so glaringly obvious, that it is almost unsportsmanlike to allege them), he is, and always has been, upon familiar terms with the grand style. It is native to him—as native as to Gluck or Handel, Beethoven or Wagner or Brahms: and he works in it again and again, with ease and freedom and overpowering effect. It is because of this that he is of the royal line, despite the frequency with which, in other matters, he antagonizes and offends. We have said of him before that while he is often trivial, platitudinous, pompously sentimental, he is never weak or nerveless. You will never find him " chanting faint

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hymns to the cold fruitless moon." His hymns may be banal, but they are never faint; and the moon is not fruitless when he addresses her—she becomes rather that fabulous moon discerned by Pater in William Morris's *King Arthur's Tomb:* " not tender and far-off, but close down—the sorcerer's moon, large and feverish." When, in his vein of excellent simplicity, he is at his height, he can stand proudly, with head erect, beside the major poets of music. He is upon such heights in the scene of Don Quixote's death, in the opening and closing pages of *Ein Heldenleben,* in that stupendous exordium which, in *Zarathustra,* lifts the heart out of the body and stuns the spirit with a sense of completed revelation. These things, and others like them, are sovereign and imperishable: they are among the glories of musical art. They are of the great tradition of eloquence nobly plain: they belong with the first movement of the Choral Symphony, with Brünnhilde's announcement to Siegmund of his approaching death, with the Adagio of Loeffler's *Hora Mystica,* with the horn passage in the introduction to the last movement of Brahms' C minor Symphony, with Schubert's *Der Tod und das Mädchen,* with the finale of MacDowell's *Keltic Sonata:* with all those consummate utterances in which the masters have spoken with lofty and distinguished simplicity.

The subject which Strauss set for himself in the *Alpine Symphony* has provided him with unequaled opportunities for the exhibition of this style of elevated simplicity and directness. It is easy to taunt him with selecting a hopelessly conventional and hackneyed theme for musical interpretation. Mountain scenes and moods have undeniably been " done " to extinction, it would seem, in various arts; and æsthetically, as well as touristically, the Alps, as Mr. Le Gallienne once observed, are " greasy with climbing." But so had the sea been " done " exhaustively before Whitman, in poetry, awoke out of it a new splendor, and before Debussy, in music, caught up its beauty and terror into a new and magical transfigurement. Poets had sung immemorially of evening and of evening stars before Blake; yet never had the west wind slept on the lake nor the dusk been washed with silver in just the way that his eyes beheld. Others have brooded through the centuries upon the weary diuturnity of life, and have cried out their despair; but it needed a contemporary Irishman to say that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> The years like great black oxen tread the world,
> And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
> And I am broken by their passing feet. . . .

And so Richard Strauss, electing to write of dawn and sunrise on the mountains, of Alpine glaciers and brooks and waterfalls, was quite as likely to be incited to fresh musical interpretation as if he had chosen a subject as strange to the concert-room as the Nietzschean speculations which provoked his *Zarathustra*. That the result, as we have it before us in the *Alpine Symphony*, is far from being what it might and should have been, is due not to the nature of the subject, but to a curious factor in the psychology of Strauss himself.

He has never realized that the boundary between a simplicity that is lofty and beyond praise and a simplicity that is trite and worthless can be crossed with appalling swiftness. He has never shown that he is aware of the distinction that Arnold drew between a noble and an ignoble simplicity. He can pass that dead-line as easily as (according to Stevenson's delightful demonstration) Milton might have passed it by turning

> Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts

into

> Mother Athens, eye of Greece.

The genius who could reach sublimity with those titanic opening measures of *Zarathustra* could sit calmly before his manuscript and pen the trivial lament of Chrysothemis, the blatantly vulgar measures of Elektra's dance, and that rapturously paltry love-theme in *Salome* which is merely vulgarized Tchaikovsky. He blares out swelling commonplaces on four trumpets in unison with the same pride and fervor with which he utters a proclamation of epic dignity and power.

In the *Alpine Symphony* he is, prevailingly, at his worst; only occasionally at his best. It is comfortingly true that here, as in his other scores, his best is extremely fine and memorable. The Olympian Strauss speaks out of the magnificent sunset music near the close of the work: in the far-sweeping and rhapsodic song of the violins that soars above the majestic chanting of trombones and trumpets and the sustained sonorities of the organ, there is not only a rendering for the imagination of a transported vision of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

natural world—an unforgettable indication of the dying splendor of evening skies viewed from the heights—but there is music of superb strength and beauty, music that is nobly simple, music in the great style. Here, and elsewhere momentarily, there speaks out of this score the Strauss of unflagging pinions, the mighty Strauss of *Ein Heldenleben, Zarathustra, Don Quixote, Elektra, Don Juan.* But side by side with these few outstanding episodes are passages in which simplicity has become commonplace, plainness has become ignoble; where, instead of the lofty nudity of such classic conceptions as the Hero's theme in *Ein Heldenleben,* we get cheap and shameless salon-music, —like the descending theme that the orchestra thunders forth with its full power to picture the Alpine dawn; or we get the hackneyed formulas of the "Flowery Meadows" section; or the stale and facile platitudes of the finale (in the section entitled *Ausklang*), which are doubly afflicting, since they come immediately after the imperial pages that reflect with so beautiful a dignity that noblest of tonal sunsets.

But it is useless to rail at Strauss. Mark Twain complained that people are always talking about the weather, "yet nothing is ever done." It is so with Strauss. In his case there is nothing that *can* be done. He has all of the arrogance and none of the humility of creative genius; and he is impervious and complacent. It has been remarked that it is a sorrowful destiny to set traps for birds of paradise and catch—well, let us say hens. That has often been the deplorable fortune of Richard Strauss; and the tragedy of the case is, of course, that he does not know they are hens. It is, however, a tragedy whose gloom is lightened by the circumstance that the Straussian skies are seldom empty of birds of paradise, and that many descend unurged, and fly happily and in beauty about this poet's head. It is reported, too, that nightingales have been known to sing in his woods at dusk, and that eagles soar above his mountain-peaks.

It is no fault of the reviewer of plays if he finds that the chief intellectual interest afforded by the theatre in New York, season after season, is to be sought in the production of some piece by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Last season we had Miss Grace George's production of *Major Barbara*; and who that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is not annoyed by the exhibition of cerebral activity in the theatre is likely to forget his pleasure in the various aspects of a Shavian perspective that includes *Captain Brassbound's Conversion, Androcles* and *The Doctor's Dilemma, Pygmalion* and *Fanny's First Play* and *The Philanderer?* And now Mr. William Faversham, abetted by a superlatively competent body of associates gathered at the Booth Theatre, has given us, for the first time in New York, *Getting Married.*

Mr. Shaw confides to his readers, in the preliminary exegetical canter without which a play of his is inconceivable, that in this piece he has abolished the customary division into acts and scenes, and has returned to the antique unities. His adoption in this case of "the Greek form," as he blandly calls it, was not, he says, a deliberate display of technical bravado, "but simply the spontaneous falling of a play of ideas into the form most suited to it, which turned out to be the classic form." He has found in practice, he says, that the Greek form is inevitable "when drama reaches a certain point in poetic and intellectual evolution." *Getting Married,* in several acts and scenes, with the time spread over a long period, would be, he thinks, "impossible." Well, Mr. Faversham, having a realistic conception of the aptitudes of American theatregoers, has nevertheless divided the play into three acts (no doubt after prayerfully consulting the author) and has thus spread it over a fairly long period—the performance on the first night (though the text was cut) lasted almost as long as a Wagner music-drama; yet it was far from being "impossible." Except for some *longueurs* in the second act (and *longueurs* are to be found in most masterpieces, from *Macbeth* to *The Master-Builder*), *Getting Married* is continually and richly rewarding. That it is first-grade Shaw we are not wholly persuaded; but this is all we intend to say on that head. "I suspect," observed George Meredith in one of those glittering vestibules where, like Mr. Shaw, he loves to greet the intending visitor to his edifices—"I suspect that Woman will be the last thing civilized by Man." For "Woman," some of us would substitute "The Theatre"; and in the case of a man who is contributing so wholeheartedly and abundantly to the civilizing of that barbarized institution, it would be darkening counsel to dwell upon the relative inferiority of so gallant an effort as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Getting Married. When you are permitted to watch the progress of a criticism of life so searching, so just, so valiant, so candid, and so eloquent as that which you get from beginning to end of this delicious play, your first duty as a commentator becomes your whole duty—namely, to celebrate and rejoice.

Getting Married is no novelty, save on the New York stage. It has been available between covers for eight years, and its contents are widely known. Here, as always, Shaw is betrayed as a shackled poet, a sternly suppressed but frequently eruptive idealist, a naturally romantic soul under duress. Were it not for his riotous intellectual honesty and his goading instinct for satiric comedy, he might have been as sentimental as Dickens. Certainly he escaped being an unmitigated romantic by the narrowest of margins. You can tell that, for example, by the flashes of shameless eloquence that again and again elude his watchfulness and, setting fire to his discourse, produce such splendid moments as the " Three in One " speech in *John Bull's Other Island,* the dialogue between Barbara and Dolly, and Undershaft's statement of his creed, in *Major Barbara,* and the ecstatic revery of Mrs. George in *Getting Married.* Things such as these fortify one's conviction that Shaw is *au fond* a lyric poet, compromised by a restless intellect, an ungovernable passion for dialectics, and a boundless capacity for moral indignation. All this is evidenced in *Getting Married,* as it is in whatever he writes. So far as his convictions on the immortal problem under discussion are concerned, it is indisputable that they are neither new nor startling. They are merely honest.

" Then," says Leo (who longs for two husbands at once), " it's a mistake to get married?"

" It is, my dear," answers the Bishop; " but it's a much bigger mistake not to get married."

The play is naïvely insolent in its disdain of dramatic tension: it is, for the most part, sheer polemical extravaganza. But there are many mansions in the theatrical heavens; and if, in Mr. Masters' *Spoon River Anthology,* we accept thankfully a poem without poetry, should we deny Mr. Shaw when he offers us dramas without drama? For our part, if the contemporary Anglo-Saxon theatre will yield us brains without drama, we shall relinquish cheerfully, to those who prefer it, drama without brains—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brains plus drama being apparently either a dream of the past or a vision of the future.

That delectable hybrid, the pantomime with music, and its kindred art-form, the dramatic ballet, have put us largely in their debt this season; for they have yielded to the imagination and the senses much of that fine and distinctive pleasure which is not attainable, in kind, through the co-operation of speech and music. We have witnessed again the activities of the Russian Ballet—now, alas, a little *vieux jeu,* and galvanizing its waning attractions by an entertaining though superficial materialization of Richard Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel,* in which that marvelous tone-poem has been sacrificed to make a Russo-American holiday—for there are more things in *Till Eulenspiegel* than are dreamt of by either Nijinsky or Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, despite the charm and wit of their commentary. But chiefly we have been made happy by an artful and poetic revival of a pantomime with music that was familiar to New York theatre-goers of the last generation. This is *L'Enfant Prodigue,* devised by Michel Carré with music by André Wormser, which Mr. Winthrop Ames is now showing, to the persistent delight of us all, at his Little Theatre. It is known there as *Pierrot the Prodigal,* and it is played with a skill and charm which range from the well-intentioned but somewhat limited persuasiveness of Miss Marjorie Patterson as the Prodigal and Miss Margot Kelly as the faithless and mercenary Phrynette, to the exquisite and practised eloquence of M. Paul Clerget as the Father and M. Louis Gouget as the senile and lickerish Baron.

Mr. Ames has done well by the famous concoction of Messrs. Carré and Wormser, as he does well by everything that is so fortunate as to engage his attention as a producer. He has put it on the stage with heedful and affectionate art, with delicate yet daring fancy—a delicacy and daring that are always intentionally poetic even when they do not win the full measure of conviction. It is impossible, for example, not to feel a degree of sympathy for the indisposition confessed by that distinguished psychological chromatographer (or chromatographic psychologist), Christine Ladd Franklin, who has expressed her aversion to certain dissonances produced, in her view, by the conflict between the brick-red hair and the crimson cheeks of the wanton Phry-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nette; between the discreet and too virginal mauve hangings of the lovers' bedroom and the rainbow hues of Phrynette's gown; between the vivid whiteness of the costume of Pierrot and his father, and the sombreness of the mother's dress. However, we are not a psychological chromatographer, nor yet a chromatographic psychologist; and though we perceive these dissonances, we are so bold as to suspect that certain spiritual factors have been overlooked in regretting them. For the salvage of masculine souls, should it not be subtly intimated to the audience that such light-o'-loves as Phrynette are likely to be imperfectly devastating? And may it not have been that deluded and idealizing poet, Pierrot, who selected those embowering and too delicate hangings? As for the sombreness of the mother's dress—well, her heart had been broken once, when Pierrot went off so callously with Phrynette, and by this time it has probably been broken again since Pierrot marched so gaily off to war as the curtain fell. Why, therefore, should she not drape herself in mourning as tragically sombre as her thoughts?

The chief dissatisfaction to which we must own in contemplating this charming exhibition arises from another cause. Our expert in chromatics has observed, in the course of her footnotes to Mr. Ames' production, that, since the "Marseillaise" is played as a sort of gratuitous patriotic addendum to the pantomime, "the musical setting of the piece is now perfect." We wish the annotator had not said that; for it is precisely the musical setting of *L'Enfant Prodigue* which we found disaffecting: it is that which prevents us from rating the work as almost a minor masterpiece. M. André Wormser and his music are the weak links in this particular chain. M. Wormser writes with Gallic deftness and grace, with the requisite delicacy of touch, with humor. But he has also the characteristic deficiencies of the French musical temperament, and of most French music that is below the level of the very best: he is superficial, he is prettily banal, he is devoid of emotional veracity; above all, he lacks the power of eloquent speech. The music of *L'Enfant Prodigue* fluctuates between dainty triteness and a thin and machine-made rhetoric. You weary almost at once of its facile flow, its lightness without distinction, its paucity of ideas. Like most pantomimes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that we have witnessed in this country, it has the character of Mr. Roosevelt's celebrated "weasel words"—that is to say, the quality of the music nullifies the quality of the action, of the pictures, of the poetic mood. If M. Wormser had been a composer with a gift of pointed and communicative utterance, with the ability to surround and penetrate a mood or an action with music that should heighten their effect, there would now be a different tale to tell. We should like to see *L'Enfant Prodigue* with music composed by Maurice Ravel; but if not by Ravel, then by that sensitively imaginative American, Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis. However, there are few who will be disturbed by the musical inadequacy of *Pierrot the Prodigal:* perhaps one in every two hundred and ninety-nine—which is the capacity of the Little Theatre. So Mr. Ames can remain happy—justifiably happy—in his admirable accomplishment of a task that was well worth his while.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MARY HUNTER'S BIBLE[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

When Joseph of Arimathea encountered Jesus on the way to Capernaum he scarcely recognized him, so shocked was he by the ragged shirt and the cloak of camel's or goat's hair that Jesus wore over it, all patched and in tatters, as befitted one who seemed to be a mendicant wonder-worker on his round from village to village. It was the face that halted Joseph as he turned away: a pale, bony, olive face, lit with brilliant eyes. Later, the tones issuing strangely from "his scrannel peacock throat," Jesus talked with him in a tender voice, discoursing of God, "his speech moving on with a gentle motion like that of clouds wreathing and unwreathing, finding new shapes for every period, and always beautiful shapes."

It is a good description of the narrative speech of Mr. George Moore himself, and you wonder with some concern what this new version of the life and sayings of Jesus would be like if it had been told in a different way—with a less delicate and insinuating art, an inferior power of visualization. Again and again in these pages it is a beautiful voice that one listens to, like the voice of Mathias when he lectured—a voice that brings out sentence after sentence "like silk from off a spool,"—even though there are moments when it ceases to be silken and turns into a rough and homely cotton . . . . "for the moment he could not withstand his foreman a moment"; or when it turns into something disturbingly like the prose of the tourist's guide-book: as in a description of the domes and towers of the city of Tiberias at sunset, "bathed in a purple glow."

---

[1] *The Brook Kerith*, by George Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Moore is often kind in his references to the person of Jesus; there are passages in which you almost suspect him of seeking to paint the Nazarene's portrait after the manner of the familiar and cherished legend: "the fine broad brow curving upward—a noble arch—the eyes distant as stars and the underlying sadness in his voice oftentimes soft and low, but with a cry in it": which makes it clear that Mr. Moore was not present when Mr. Frank Harris took Renan to task for calling Jesus "a handsome Jewish youth—" we do not know, Mr. Harris told Renan, "whether Jesus was handsome or not." But there are times in *The Brook Kerith* when you feel sure that Mr. Moore knew—and also there are many more times when you are troubled by doubts.

Certainly Mr. Moore came to the task he has essayed in this book after an impressively lengthy period of consecration. It appears that he has been familiar with the Bible for at least eighteen years. The year 1898 was in many ways one that extrudes from history. It was in that year that the United States fought the war with Spain; it was in that year that Australia formulated a Constitution; it was in that year that the Irish Local Government Bill was passed; it was in that year that Marconi demonstrated the usefulness of wireless telegraphy; and it was in that year that Mr. Moore discovered the Bible. A lady, uncertain what to give him for Christmas, was struck with the happy inspiration of offering him a Bible; and that Bible, bearing unequivocally upon its flyleaf the date "1898," has been the constant companion and chief literary interest of Mr. Moore (as he tells us in a dedication) ever since. Yet religion has long been one of Mr. Moore's hobbies, and in *Sister Teresa* he played with it very subtly: very exquisitely and simiously, as he plays with all emotional, intellectual, and spiritual realities. Of late years it has, indeed, been one of his three major preoccupations: the two others being, of course, the recording of æsthetic experience, and the charmingly resolute maintenance of his personal legend.

It was almost inevitable that Mr. Moore would some day write a life of Christ. The lady who in 1898 gave him a Bible as a Christmas present (her name, as recorded for immortality by Mr. Moore, shall here be likewise celebrated as Mary Hunter) was only partly to blame: she merely accelerated an arrival of destiny. For anyone who, twenty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years ago, was reading Mr. Moore, must have known that at some time the Pauline Epistles and the gospel as revealed by the Synoptists would call irresistably to him for revision. We now have the record of that revision spread before us in *The Brook Kerith,* wherein the figure of Jesus occupies the major part of 486 pages. He enters it as an Essene from the cenoby on the eastern bank of the Jordan: the shepherd of the brotherhood, waiting in the desert for a sign of his mission. "He'd have us believe that he is the Messiah that the Jews have been expecting for many a year," says Dan, contemptuously, to his son Joseph; "but it was predicted that the Messiah will be born in Bethlehem; and everybody knows that Jesus was born in Nazareth. There's some talk, too, that he comes from the line of David, but everybody knows that Jesus is the son of Joseph the Carpenter. . . . He never could teach him to handle a saw with any skill, for his thoughts were always wandering, and when an Essene came up to Galilee in search of neophytes, Jesus took his fancy and they went away together." When Joseph of Arimathea met him, he was surprised to find that Jesus could not speak Greek, and that his ignorance of the world was surprising . . . "he seemed to believe that all the nations were at war."

You begin to understand soon after this how bravely Mr. Moore is following a wholly personal inspiration, when he describes a meeting between Jesus and Joseph on the plain of Gennesaret. In the eyes of Jesus glowered "a malignant hate": he "seemed to hate all he looked upon." When Joseph explained to him that he had been kept away by his father's illness, his story was swallowed up in a violent interruption, "Jesus telling him that there was no place among his followers for those who could not free themselves from such ghosts as father, mother, and children and wife." Jesus was at this time, we are informed, "a lamb as long as you're agreeing with him, but at a word of contradiction he's all claws and teeth." This irascible and ill-natured being does not long detain Mr. Moore, however: he crucifies him a dozen pages further on; and thereafter, for the subject-matter of the second part of the narrative, you have the story of an apostate and repentant Christ: a Jesus who did not perish on the cross, but was taken by the devoted Joseph of Arimathea from the tomb and slowly restored to health, dwelling subsequently in the monastery

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Essenes by the Brook Kerith, where he tended his sheep and deplored his former pretensions to Messiahship.

After the death of the faithful Joseph (who had been slain in Jerusalem by order of the priests), there awoke in the heart of Jesus, as he wandered grieving upon the hills, a deeper than mortal grief: "It often seemed to him that his temerity in proclaiming himself the Messiah was punished enough by crucifixion: the taking from him of the one thing that crucifixion had left behind often put the thought into his mind that God held him accursed; and in his despair he lost faith in death, believing he would be held accursed for all eternity." Later—many years later, for he dwelt with his sheep among the hills above a score of years—he attained to a measure of serenity, a man detached alike from regret and hope. He felt that he must never look back, but in moments of great physical fatigue the past returned, and lay before him "like the evening sky in tranquil waters." Even the memory that he once believed himself the Messiah ceased to hurt. He felt that he had been wrong in reproving the keepers of the Temple for having made themselves a God according to their own image: "for what else is our God but an Assyrian king who sits on a throne and metes out punishments and rewards?" But though God does not desire love, "it cannot be that we are wholly divorced from God. It may be that we are united to him by the daily tasks which he has set us to perform."

Then, as Jesus walked through the quiet evening air, watching the shepherds eating their bread and garlic on the hillside, he recalled how he had striven against the memory of his sin; how he had desired only one thing—to acknowledge that sin, and to repent. But now it seemed to him that shame and the desire of repentance had gone from him, and he was conscious of some new thought. He reflected that God and his heaven "are our old enemies in disguise. . . . God is but desire, and whosoever yields himself to desire falls into sin. To be without sin we must be without God." And then Jesus wondered, startled, if any man had dared to ask himself "if God were not indeed the last uncleanliness of the mind."

Afterward, when Paul, fleeing from his enemies, seeks refuge in the cenoby, he listens to a confession recounted by Jesus to the Essenes, and believes him mad; for Jesus explicitly sets forth the story of his delusion: "In

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the time I am telling," he says, " I was so exalted by the many miracles which I had performed by the power of God or the power of a demon, I know not which, that I encouraged my disciples to speak of me as the son of David, though I knew myself to be the son of Joseph the carpenter; and when I rode into Jerusalem and the people strewed palms before me and called out, the son of David, and Joseph said to me, let them not call thee the son of David, I answered in my pride, if they did not call it forth the stones themselves would. In the days I am telling, pride lifted me above myself. . . . A day passed in the great exaltation and hope, and one evening I took bread and broke it, saying that I was the bread of life that came down from heaven and that whosoever ate of it had everlasting life given to him. After saying these words a great disquiet fell upon me, and calling my disciples together I asked them to come to the garden of olives with me. And it was while asking God's forgiveness for my blasphemies that the emissaries and agents of the Priests came and took me prisoner."

Nor can Jesus discern his own image in the Jesus preached and described to him by Paul: the Christ, Son of the Living God. " The Jesus that spake to thee out of a cloud," he assures Paul, " never lived in the flesh; he was a Lord Jesus Christ of thy own imagination." He and Paul depart together from the cenoby, Paul to resume his preaching of the Christ repudiated by Jesus, and Jesus bound for Jerusalem to tell the people that he was not raised from the dead by God.

Let us leave him as he reflects (through the meditations of his inspired disciple Mr. Moore) that " the miracle that Paul continued to relate with so much unction seemed so crude "; yet he himself had once believed " that God was pleased to send his only begotten son to redeem the world by his death on a cross. A strange conception truly." Sitting with Paul under a rock by the sea, Jesus declares his creed: " There is but one thing, Paul: to learn to live for ourselves, and to suffer our fellows to do likewise." They separate—Jesus on his way, not to Jerusalem after all, but to join company with some " strangely garbed monks from India," who were telling the people, a shepherd reports, " that they must not believe that they have souls, and that they know that they are saved "; which causes Paul to trace a likeness between the doctrines that Jesus had confided to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him and the shepherds' story of the doctrines that were being preached by the monks from India.

Mr. Moore is at pains to tell us in a preface that it has been his purpose to demolish the "fond and sentimental" Jesus of the Italian renaissance—the Jesus with "a woman's face, a blond beard, long ringlets: a figure without energy, without life, a pale effeminacy that in our time wanders about knocking at cottage doors with a lantern in his hand"; or the even less reputable image that "adorns the prayer books of certain Christian sects: a pale ghost with a Flaming Heart showing in his bosom, a love-lorn shepherd returning with a lamb in his arms." Mr. Moore really seems to believe that this conventionalized Jesus is the authentic Jesus of the modern imagination; and he points with pride, like an old-fashioned political orator, to "the rough shepherd philosopher" whom he depicts on the Judean hills. Mr. Moore is talking brainless nonsense. The flaccid and sentimentalized Christ who he fancies was in need of demolition faded out of the imaginations of all spiritually enlightened men long before Mr. Moore, with Mary Hunter's Bible under his arm, set forth gallantly to destroy him. But even if he had demolished anything more veritable and influential than a man of straw, his substitution would be rejected by everyone who has felt deeply the true quality of the Biblical Jesus. Mr. Moore says that, however much the reader may desire the supernatural Christ, he will be forced to admit that the author of *The Brook Kerith,* improving upon Renan, has "raised Jesus into some sort of manhood, which is at least a great step towards divinity." Mr. Moore is mistaken. The Jesus that he offers us—a malignant, ill-tempered, peevish, vainglorious, self-deluded impostor, glowering in hate, "all claws and teeth" (the words are Mr. Moore's), who later becomes a nerveless and repining sentimentalist: this ignoble caricature bears as much relation to the sublime figure of the Gospels, whether he were man or God, as—to quote Swinburne in a different connection—"a mutilated monkey bears to a well-made man." A Jesus robbed of divinity is not intolerable. A Jesus robbed of nobility is.

The Brook Kerith is in no way surprising. It is a consummate piece of art; and it is also precisely the sort of thing one would have expected to result from Mr. Moore's eighteen years of contact with Mary Hunter's Bible. Some,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

observing with pain and outrage the effect of this contact, have so far relinquished their serenity as to charge Mr. Moore with perpetrating "an impudent and detestable profanation." Hearing them scold in this way, one conjectures that they may be thinking chiefly of Mr. Moore's query, put in the mouth of Jesus, as to whether "God were not indeed the last uncleanliness of the mind." If they go on in that vein, they will be saying next that it is not God, but Mr. Moore himself, who embodies "the last uncleanliness of the mind."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LEATHERWOOD GOD. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. New York: The Century Company, 1916.

Mr. Howells is commonly, and no doubt rightly, regarded as among the most genial of American authors, as well as among the most intellectual. Yet in Mr. Howells's novels there has appeared at times a vein of skepticism that was almost bitter, a quality, no doubt, that the thoughtful writer cannot avoid and should not try to avoid.

The two ultimate literary elements are life and death; literary thought associates itself with one or the other. Now Mr. Howells has made a part of our literary consciousness the sense of our limitations, our bewilderments, our painful dubieties, our secret conviction that after all "we don't know much about it"; our feeling that we are futile except when we are simply kind. All this region of experience, which we are for the most part too romantic to think much about, Mr. Howells has humanized and made into literature of the finest.

Dubiety and the sense of our limitations, however, are in themselves painful; they are of death rather than of life. Mr. Howells's geniality, his "will to live" has always risen above any depressing effect that might result from rather a ruthless anatomizing of life; yet it has sometimes seemed that he left his reader (beneficially, no doubt, but distressingly) weighed down with a sense of being very much too human. One does not feel it a disgrace to be "all too human" in Mr. Howells's sense: on the contrary one feels it to be highly honorable. Yet it has seemed a little unsatisfactory, too.

In *The Leatherwood God*, the "too human" element is more strongly emphasized than in any other one of Mr. Howells's tales, and yet this story is stimulating and not at all depressing. It is as simple and powerful as if Mark Twain had written it, and at the same time it shows a characteristic vein of tenderness which is unlike the tenderness of Mark Twain, and which is, one is tempted to say, a finer product.

The story is a complete episode taken from life. Its general outlines are determined by the facts and its unity is largely the unity of the facts. It is fortunate, perhaps, that Mr. Howells could in this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

case permit himself the effective use of a plot. But it is not to the ready-made plot nor to the natural dramatic unity of the theme that the story owes its strength. It is a theme with which it would be easy to fail completely. A religious impostor declares himself to be God and induces a large number of respectable people in the little Ohio community of Leatherwood to worship him. The man himself, though in a measure self-deceived, is by no means insane—he hasn't even the dignity of complete self-delusion. Still less is he of the stuff of which martyrs are made: on the contrary this man who pretended to be God—his real name was Dylks—is a great coward. One would suppose then that the story would simply be a picture of human degradation. But Mr. Howells rises above the absurdities, the vulgarities that are inherent in his theme. The grandiosity that associates itself with the large pretensions of Dylks gives occasion for humor almost Rabelaisian in bigness, though skilfully kept within the bounds of taste. The irony of the story is masterly; it somehow exalts rather than belittles human nature, while it shows how near the heart the greatest folly really lies. One sympathizes with the deluded worshipers and one's feeling is unalloyed with a trace of condescension. These hearty muscular men and hard-working natural-minded women—too healthy to be morbid, too impulsive and at the same time too conscientious to be merely absurd—one is not ashamed to acknowledge as kin.

The Leatherwood God is in its way a triumph. Perhaps Mr. Howells has never written a more vital story.

Mr. Britling Sees It Through. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

Mr. Wells has written a novel about the war that is infinitely the better as a war book because it begins by being a very personal sort of story and maintains the personal point of view throughout. *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* is a triumph for Mr. Wells's method as a novelist, a vindication of his way of looking at things. When one lays down the book one realizes quite clearly that man is a rather absurd and self-deluded creature; that the mind of the average man is a mass of contradictions; that a gaily domestic and philosophic kind of life does not by any means render one safe from the most fearful shocks; that the things we live by are for the most part not realities at all. The realities themselves we are afraid of, and we do not know how to grasp them. "That which is far off and exceeding deep, who shall find it out?" Yet the book really does give one courage, and it actually makes one glad to be a man and to be alive in the year 1916. Most remarkable of all, the story is amusing, and if it gradually ceases to be merry and becomes intensely grave, one does not feel that the change of mood involves a jarring reversal

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of mental gears. Really, the story is as earnest at the beginning as at the end.

A part of the secret of Mr. Wells's method is, no doubt, simply that as a novelist he has little method. His novels are quite frankly disquisitional: the author has an air of not troubling himself to create an illusion, of simply telling what an intelligent listener would naturally want to know. His character-drawing seems to be done in rather an off-hand way; he appears to disregard niggling details that to a realist or to a conscientious romancer might seem important. Perhaps this is just one way of "lying like truth"—a trick of convincing by appearing not to realize the necessity of convincing. But the truth is that Mr. Wells has a much clearer conception of his meaning and far fewer prepossessions as to what the novel, as a form of art, should be, than have most of his fellow novelists.

But Mr. Wells's novels are something more than meaningful in the sense that they are disquisitional. Imaginative literature works, of course, as much through feeling as through thought. The interactions of thought and feeling in the thinking of any human being are not easy to analyze: to be guided by feeling is no doubt a mistake, and yet feeling of some sort seems to lead intelligence and to determine the purposes for which we think. In proportion as feeling becomes impersonal, it becomes exalted and purified, and it then asserts an authority over us. The impersonal note not only inspires; it convinces. But of course our feelings, in the rough, in the crude state, are preponderantly personal: they are alloyed with selfishness and fear; they are encrusted with customary ideas and with habits; they are veined with preferences formed Heaven knows how. What is the rationale of the quite sincere and unselfish passion that may inspire a man ardently to defend, for example, the English pronunciation of Greek?

One cannot begin to be impersonal all at once: one must clarify and refine. Mr. Wells does this. The first part of his story—the part that tells of Mr. Britling's family life, and of the impressions that this life made upon an American visitor—is an amusing and astonishingly complete revelation of personal character. Mr. Britling in the bosom of his family is the highly civilized, highly educated, very likable good fellow, who thinks and writes much about life, and doesn't half know either life or himself. He represents the personal life in its jolliest, most self-confident, and most purblind state.

Mr. Britling, however, like most of us, has his periods of suspecting that all is not well. On one occasion he lies awake in bed and reflects upon his own sins and upon the sins of the world. "The whole mental process had a likeness to some complex piece of orchestral music wherein the organ deplored the melancholy destinies of the race while the piccolo lamented the secret trouble of Mrs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harrowdean; the big drum thundered at the Irish politicians, and all the violins bewailed the intellectual laxity of the university system. Meanwhile the trumpets prophesied wars and disasters, the cymbals ever and again inserted a clashing jar about the fatal delay in automobile insurance, while the triangle broke into a plangent solo on the topic of a certain rotten gate-post he always forgot in the daytime, and how in consequence the cows from the glebe farm got into the garden and ate Mrs. Britling's carnations." The whole of Mr. Britling's soliloquy is a wonderful piece of work: there is so much of the bigness and the littleness, the absurdity and the earnestness of humanity in it.

War comes and brings its shocks, and its griefs, and its disillusionments to Mr. Britling and his circle. It seems to wreck everything; it makes intellectual and emotional havoc. Mr. Britling, however, sees it through.

The conclusion of the story affords a kind of companion piece to the soliloquy. This is the letter which Mr. Britling writes to the parents of the funny, lovable German boy who lived as a tutor in Mr. Britling's family, until the war broke out, and then went to the front, to be shot somewhere on the Russian line of battle. In this much re-written letter, impersonal feeling triumphs. Later, Mr. Britling comes to a new knowledge of religion and of God. He is able to conceive of a God who is not responsible for all the ills of humanity, of a God who is close and real. The conclusion may not be wholly sound as philosophy, but as the climax of a sequence of emotions and experiences it is convincing and heartening. It seems to embody the meaning that the war has for the personal life.

MULTITUDE AND SOLITUDE. By JOHN MASEFIELD. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1916.

Mr. Masefield's novel, *Multitude and Solitude*, first printed a good many years ago and now republished, will be read by a great many persons on the strength of the author's subsequently acquired reputation. It deserves to be read, not because it is at all what is ordinarily meant by a "poet's novel," but because it is a remarkably good story. One does not need to be a lover of Masefield's poetry in order to enjoy *Multitude and Solitude:* to enjoy it, one needs only to care for clean construction, clear narrative, and intense style in fiction.

The central figure of the story is a young playwright who, having become dissatisfied with art, and life, and love, finds a new gospel in science and service. With a scientist of his own age, who has recovered from an attack of sleeping-sickness by the use of a new drug, he goes to Africa to combat the deadly disease. The African experience has plenty of strangeness, of a good wholesome imaginative and realistic sort; and the plot takes a clever Jules Verne-ish

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turn, when the hero, against all expectation and after apparent failure, discovers an antitoxin for the trypanosome and saves his companion's life. On their return to the coast, the two men learn that their discovery has been anticipated, but they have gained in character enough to repay them for their struggles and sufferings.

The shortcoming of Mr. Masefield's story is not that it tries to be too poetic for a good yarn, but that its thought is a little tentative, a little experimental: one doubts that what it seems ultimately to say is the author's real or final thought. The theory that religion is scientific service seems banal as the conclusion of a story that shows marks of genius in the writing.

Nevertheless the greatest value of the novel lies in its clear, intense expression of the thoughts and feelings connected with really fundamental things—art, love, religion, science, work.

WINDY MCPHERSON'S SON. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. New York: *John Lane Company*, 1916.

There is such a thing as thinking intensely and penetratingly, though with imperfect insight, about the fundamental things of life; and there is such a thing as merely getting very much excited about them. This latter is the besetting fault of the new romance—the romance that combines the truth and frankness of realism with the restless, questing, romantic spirit.

Sherwood Anderson's story, *Windy McPherson's Son*, is arousing in its ruthlessly clear and crudely colorful picturing of life; it is to be valued for its frankness, its straight, unconventional thinking; it can hardly fail to turn the reader's mind to the reconsideration of important, if sometimes depressing, facts of the inner and of the outer life. And yet the story leaves the impression, not that it is a duty to think straight and to pierce through the veils of convention and prudery, but that life is a heady liquor of which it is wise to drink deeply. That you *may* drink deeply, if only you remain honest with yourself and think things out independently—this is the ethics of the thing, a kind of ethics that appeals powerfully to the young and to the adventurous.

Samuel McPherson, the son of a drunken and boastful old veteran of the Civil War, who lives in a little Iowa village, early begins to hate shams, and resolves to make a success of his life. His mind is prematurely stimulated by the older men with whom he associates and he is led to reflect and to feel strongly about such matters as religion and literature and sex and wealth and character. Eventually, determining to follow his strongest bent, he becomes a money-maker. Sam succeeds; he becomes one of the conspicuous financiers of a period of spectacular financiers. He marries a woman who desires children above all else. The two plan a life which might have saved

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sam from his own devil of money-grubbing; but the longed-for children do not come, and the marriage proves a failure. Disgusted with his life, Sam sets out upon a period of aimless wandering, during which he engages in many quixotic ventures among the humbler sort of people. Not finding "Truth," in this manner, he turns to idleness and dissipation. Finally his strong paternal instinct brings him back to sanity and quietness of soul. He adopts some destitute children and returns to the wife he had deserted. Presumably the two lived happily ever after.

The story leaves one aroused, but unsatisfied. What Sam seeks in his quest is not really truth, but experience and ever more experience. Since marriage to a good woman did not content him, it is difficult to see how his vicarious fatherhood could do so. To labor for the next generation is glorious, but it is hardly satisfying if one can see for one's children no prospect better than the carrying on of the endless life process in which one has been able to discern no meaning.

SUSSEX GORSE. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1916.

Sussex Gorse, by Sheila Kaye-Smith, is a story of the sort that is usually called strong and impressive, and it deserves the somewhat faint praise which these terms in common usage imply. It also no doubt deserves the dispraise which is implied in the equally uncritical terms monotonous and depressing. The story is discerningly realistic; it is big and typical; it persuades and pleases with its genuine flavor of earth, and with its true atmosphere of English peasant life. On the other hand, there is monotony enough in the tale, and there is a lack of sentiment for which a kind of robust earthiness does not perhaps wholly make up. The author has taken no pains to relieve possible tedium. She allows the persons of her story to talk as no doubt they would talk, and to repeat phrases as no doubt they would repeat them in real life. The rural vocabulary in *Sussex Gorse* is not extensive. Things are "hemmed bad," or "tedious little," or "lamentable long" or "justabout good," without much variation throughout the book. As a means of arousing and holding interest the author relies upon the largeness of her theme, and upon the power of an exceptionally clear and vigorous style. But if you like the talk of very honest simple, sometimes muddle-headed folk, and if you have pleasure in frank description, you will be pleased with the details of the story.

The plan of the novel is exceedingly simple. As a boy Reuben Backfield became filled with the ambition to conquer Boarzell Moor: he would buy this waste land and lay it under cultivation. As a man, Reuben fought a long bitter fight with the Moor. In order that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he might have soldiers to help in the battle, he married and begot sons and daughters. His wife died, and he married again. His second wife deserted him. Another woman who understood him, but who would have thwarted his ambition, he resolutely put out of his life. One by one his children, crushed by the tyranny of "the farm," deserted him: one of his sons, after ridiculing his father's political friends in some scurvy verses during a campaign, went to London and became a good-for-nothing. One of his daughters, starved for love, ran away with a drunken sailor, and eventually became a woman of the streets. Reuben was hated, deserted, betrayed, bereaved, and he seems to have felt no emotions save pride and anger. One of his sons became a famous lawyer: Reuben regretted that he had not remained on the farm. Another, well-loved, was killed in the Boer war: a shock, but not a tragedy. Reuben was winning then—winning his long fight with the Moor; and this was the thought that would remain with him though heaven and earth passed away. At sixty this splendid animal was in his prime. At eighty-five, he had conquered, and had not a soul to love him. He died a happy man.

The question as to whether this story is really big and impressive or merely little and depressing must be decided with reference to its meaning. If there is grandeur in the spectacle of a human being so immersed in nature that he moves on his way with the resistless force and with the callousness to suffering of Nature herself, then the story in all its monotony is big—the horizon widens to contain the thought, and the farm-house becomes a castle. But if this be not true, if Reuben must be regarded as merely a poor obsessed creature who has missed the best in life because Nature drugged his higher thought-centers, then the story is not big but sordid—not even tragically sordid, for Reuben died happy.

Nature, not man, is the hero of the story. It is Nature in Reuben that triumphs over Boarzell and over the little short-lived Kingdoms of love and happiness that his children raised.

A breaking down of the distinction between Man and Nature—such seems to be the essential meaning, impressive or not, of this forceful story.

RODMOOR. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. New York: G. Arnold Shaw, 1916.

When Baltazar Stark, in John Cowper Powys' new novel, *Rodmoor*, turned his gaze inward, what he saw was "simply the real truth of life, its frozen purposelessness. Most men visualize existence through a blurring cloud of personal passion, either erotic or imaginative. They suffer, but they suffer from illusion. What separated Baltazar from the majority was his power of seeing things in absolute colorlessness—unconfused by any sort of distorting mirage. Thus

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what he saw with his soul was the ghastly loneliness of his soul. He saw this frozen, hollow, empty space, and he saw it as the natural country in which his soul dwelt, its unutterable reality, its appalling truth.'' Baltazar, you see, is at once the sanest and, from the viewpoint of common sense, the most insane person in the story; and he is the story's real protagonist.

Rodmoor is a story of fatal, too human, passions, of blind soul struggles, set in a little village on the East Anglian Coast. For unity's sake the scene is carefully harmonized with the inner motive of the story. It is worth remarking that the kind of unity that is most highly prized by a certain type of writer is the unity of effect conferred by landscape and environment; and this leads sometimes to a kind of childishness, a kind of old-womanish superstitiousness, a Castle-of-Otranto-like romanticism. Mr. Powys does not altogether escape this tendency. In his story Nature sometimes ceases to be an Arctic void and is suspected, like any old witch, of " exercising a malign influence "; the sea (which is really the chorus in the drama) is accused of hypnotizing otherwise sane persons, with its ceaseless, terrifying voice; at critical junctures fiery clouds point threatening fingers at poor bedeviled mortals. An owl pecks at a dead woman's eyes, merely to remind us that Nature may be as gruesome as a folk story.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that *Rodmoor* is merely a study in the effect of environment upon sensitive spirits. The meaning of the tale goes deeper than any " call of the wild " or than any of those psychological hypotheses that in the hands of certain writers lend themselves so agreeably to dramatic development. It delves down into the irrational, into the sub-human, and it finds awful realities just under the skin of consciousness.

It is perhaps not worth while to summarize the story; for in summary it could appear hardly otherwise than as a rather violently romantic drama of passion, played by oddly chosen characters, and ending rather confusedly in death and in unexplained gloom. The qualities to note are the extraordinary and disturbing reality of the thing; its awful plausibility; its terrible success in rousing sympathy and in quelling it; its insane humor and its humorous insanity. What could be more amusing than Dr. Fingal Raughty's Micawber-like whimsies? What sweeter or more assuring than Mr. Traherne's glorious Platonism? And yet these people make us afraid.

There is, to be sure, a " normal " person in the tale. Nance, the heroine, is an instinctive woman, always true to type. Nance is lovable. . . . Oh, yes; there is a world of common-sense, and satisfying feeling, and " human " joys and sorrows—and ginger shall be hot in the mouth. . . . But is *our* world *the* world, or anything like it?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Genius may work toward the supra-rational or toward the sub-rational. Neither extreme is understood. Perhaps, sometime, the broken arc will be joined, and then we shall see how the unknown above joins the unknown below.

Perhaps this story of Mr. Powys' is just a pathological study; but perhaps it is something more: it possesses at least that thrill of the unknown which is also the thrill of beauty, and this gives it a claim. Pragmatically the world must decide whether negations can have a "human" meaning, whether the irrational can be domesticated in popular literature. Imaginably, we may become positivists, in fiction at least, and shut out the unknown. But probably not. Probably a story that takes us so thrillingly and dizzily over the verge of what we call sanity as does this of Mr. Powys' will always be welcomed.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE. By ELIZABETH CHRISTOPHERS HOBSON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916.

The title which Mrs. Hobson gave to the chapters of reminiscence which she wrote at the earnest solicitation of her friends is significant. To live a long life happily is a rare and impressive achievement. It is this fact, as much as the inherent interest of Mrs. Hobson's memoirs, which makes it a thing to be glad of that her recollections, originally printed for a private circle, have been given to the world. The observations of life contained in this book, kindly, cheery, keen and witty, are so pervaded by that assured strength of character which (in contradistinction to a certain uncomfortable perspicacity not uncommon in brilliant writers) makes us sure that life is worth living, that we become ashamed of bewilderment and of pessimism. The personal quality of conversation remains in the unself-conscious narrative, and the clear, fluent, unaffected style takes the reader out of himself.

Elizabeth Christophers Hobson was the daughter of Elijah Huntington and Sarah Wetmore Kimball. Her father's uncle was Samuel Huntington, signer of the Declaration of Independence, and her mother was the direct descendant of Samuel Hinsdale, the first settler of Deerfield, Massachusetts. Her girlhood was surrounded by that sweetly and sanely democratic atmosphere which America is inevitably losing. "In those days," she writes, "dress was simple, but we had all we required, or even wished for. There were never any discussions about money. We never thought of people as rich or poor. The only distinction we knew was between the well-bred and the reverse." Puritanism had its effect upon Mrs. Hobson's growing mind. "My grandfather was an old Puritan. Oh! how long those prayers were, and those sermons he read aloud, rainy Sundays, when we could not go the four miles to church, where, on pleasant days, we stayed to two services and Sunday school, eating

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our luncheon, which we had brought in a basket, between services." There were traditions in the family, and there were more highly colored threads of connection with the past—there was, for example the "Kidd Blanket," an altar cloth presented to an ancestress by the notorious pirate. It is hard for an American of the old stock to believe that such influences and memories are not necessary for a complete childhood. Necessary or not, a background is good.

In 1850 Elizabeth Kimball sailed round Cape Horn to San Francisco in the *Virginia*, one of those fine old clipper ships, the passing of which old sailors so justly lament. In California she became engaged to her future husband, Joseph Hobson. Returning home to be married, she crossed Nicaragua. Her wedding trip was across the Isthmus of Panama—the Isthmus before the railway, before de Lesseps made his abortive attempt to dig the canal. From 1860 to 1869, Mrs. Hobson lived with her husband in Peru. Her South American experiences are full of interest. The story of the nun, Doña Ignacia, which forms one considerable section of this record, Marion Crawford made the basis of one of his most successful novels, *Casa Braccio*—it was the only story, said he, that had ever been told him that he could use. Lord Bryce, who read a part of the recollection in manuscript, asked and received permission to incorporate a chapter into his book on South America. After her return to the United States, Mrs. Hobson became deeply interested in and worked effectively for the movement to establish a training school for nurses in connection with Bellevue Hospital: she was one of the first to throw herself whole-heartedly into the campaign to spread the teaching of first aid to the injured. The years following the death of her husband, in 1881, were diversified by foreign travel and by rewarding social experiences. Constantinople, Italy, and Washington add their color to her narrative. A trip through the South in 1895 enlisted Mrs. Hobson's interest and efforts in the cause of education for negroes: her sympathy and the clearness of her unstudied account of conditions as she saw them make the chapter devoted to this subject perhaps the most human, unsentimental, and unbiased bit of writing about our negro problem that has ever been done.

Altogether, this fragmentary story of a happy, quietly eventful, characterful life, is superior to most autobiographies in charm and in essential value.

FROM THE DEEP WOODS TO CIVILIZATION. By CHARLES A. EASTMAN. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1916.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, as the public has been abundantly informed, is a full-blooded Sioux Indian, and the nephew of Sitting Bull. Of course, the mere fact of race affords no special reason, except to the curious, for reading what Dr. Eastman has written. One hardly expects, and one does not find, even in the author's charm-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing tales of Indian life and folklore, any literary quality that can be called distinctively racial. Dr. Eastman writes well in just such a style as any other well-educated and well-informed American would naturally adopt. Even the little touches of nature, of first-hand knowledge and experience, in his narratives are not at all exotic and scarcely so brilliant as might be expected. All of which may lead to the somewhat unromantic but on the whole satisfactory conclusion that there are, after all, few essential differences of mind and soul between the Red Man and his white brother. To be concrete, the Indian's enjoyment of his wild life seems to be not unlike the white man's pleasure in a camping trip.

What really gives a special interest to Dr. Eastman's reminiscences is the fact that in less than half a lifetime he has traversed the whole of the long path from savagery to civilization—no small achievement, nor a common one. At the age of fifteen, he was looking forward to going upon the war-path, when his father, who had been converted by Protestant missionaries, told him that he must go to school and be educated like the white man. He now has the full outlook of the college-educated, professionally trained man of today.

Dr. Eastman's narrative is a rather loosely composed biographical sketch, interesting in part for the light it throws upon the treatment of Indians by the United States Government, but far more interesting as the record of one who honestly sought to appropriate the white man's civilization as the highest good. When one reads Dr. Eastman's statement that "the 'Messiah craze' in itself was scarcely a source of danger, and one might almost as well call upon the army to suppress Billy Sunday and his hysterical followers," one's attention is arrested; but one is most of all struck with the criticism of our civilization which is implicit in the whole story. "I am an Indian," writes Dr. Eastman in conclusion; "and while I have learned much from civilization, for which I am grateful, I have never lost my Indian sense of right and justice. I am for development and progress along social and spiritual lines, rather than those of commerce, nationalism, or material efficiency." It is a lesson that we need to learn, and that an Indian may set forth with a good grace, as Dr. Eastman's whole story goes to show.

Society's Misfits. By Madeline Z. Doty. New York: The Century Co., 1916.

The unmistakable trend of evolution in criminology is toward greater humanity in the treatment of criminals and toward a fuller realization of what the word "humanity" means. Unfortunately this tendency appears to have become mixed to some extent with mere sentimentalism—with the notion that all the unfit must survive, whatever the damage to the fit. Many good citizens, therefore,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feel that there is danger that the fundamental conception of the law as the protector of society may be forgotten.

Madeline Doty, the author of *Society's Misfits,* has worked practically and earnestly for prison reform; as a test, she spent a week in prison. The opening chapters of her book leave the reader in no doubt as to the desirability of a change in prison conditions. Would that the evils complained of were at bottom easier to remedy than they really are! In prisons, just as in schools, results depend in no small degree upon the character of the persons immediately in charge of the work. And in prisons, according to Miss Doty's testimony, the brutal and the incompetent have peculiarly their innings. The remedy for the state of affairs said to exist would seem to lie not wholly in better pay or in better laws. A good prison official evidently ought to be devoted to his work and devoted to humanity; but devotion is a force that acts or fails to act in a mysterious way.

Possibly prisons should not attempt to set right all the sins of society toward the criminal. Institutions attempting to ameliorate without having power to alter fundamental conditions frequently find themselves in an unsatisfactory position. Then, too, one may feel, after reading the not completely horrifying revelations contained in the first part of Miss Doty's book, that there is as much danger of destroying the deterrent effect of prisons upon lawbreakers as of subjecting the prisoner to unnecessary suffering.

But in the second part of Miss Doty's volume, the part which deals with the work of reform schools, the author seems to lay her finger upon one of the sources of evil, and if consecration is required for the work that needs to be done, there seems more likelihood that it will be forthcoming than in the case of prisons for grown-up offenders. If conditions in reformatories are anything like as bad as the convicts who have passed through them say that they are, no more important work for the protection of society, or for the salvation of the individual, could be undertaken than the reform of the reformatories themselves. Most readers will find at least cause for thought in this statement from a "well-known gunman": "The worst place in the world for any mother's son is the —— reformatory. I wouldn't wish my worst enemy to undergo what I went through."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A WOUNDED SOLDIER TALKS OF GOD

SIR,—I received today the September number of your REVIEW, and, as every month, I perused it with the utmost pleasure. I was particularly interested by the title of one of the articles, "A Modern Conception of God," but although I read it thrice very attentively, I must confess that had I been a believer I should have much more confused ideas now than before. So that, being a Frenchman, lying in a bed since many months, and being feverish at the very idea of the war in which I have no place, I thought that I could as well chat with you half an hour on that very quiet and soothing subject, God.

I am not very conversant with modern philosophy, so that if I did not understand the above mentioned article, I do not ascribe the fault to the author. But these last years I have been reading regularly half a dozen of American monthlies and weeklies, and of course I have seen in them the subject of God spoken of very often. But I fail to remember when the writer thereof did not take for granted that there was a God, and build upon those premises a lot of consequences, and finally I have been brought to think that in America it was a very wicked and almost forbidden thing to question the very existence of God.

Now for a Frenchman that is a rather amusing idea, because all the thinking people I know of here have questioned that existence (we were such a rotten people, you know) and the majority have arrived at the conclusion that there was no God. Although I have been brought up very religiously, as soon as I was able to think a little by myself all my religious garments fell at once. And I am yet to meet the man who could show me clearly why there should be a God. Has any American an answer for it?

When I put that question to any believer, I almost exclusively get the answer that the Rev. P. S. Moxom seems to give also (creation is the process through which God expresses and fulfils His own being). That is, there is a God because things have been created, and hence there must be a creator. There may be other reasons, but as nobody ever took the pains to give them to me, I'll stop only at that one.

Let us try to see what there is at the bottom of this idea, creation. We know of two infinities, time and space, and in them are contained everything we know—God Himself, if He exists. Then I see only two manners of seeing the universe: In the infinity of time, matter (is that the word for French *matière?*) is infinite and eternal, and transforms itself, following laws of which we know a small number; or, at a certain day, an eternal and immaterial something that we name God created, out of nothing, that matter and set it a whirling.

Is there a third hypothesis? I never heard of it. Then let us look upon those two.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first is simple and, to my mind, logical. The matter whose substance is to us unknown transforms itself around us, gradually, by processes of which we get sometimes a glimpse. We don't know why it does so, where it goes, if ever it has any end, but we know that all our knowledge, being finite, is not even a drop in the seas of the unknown. We try to learn the most of it and make the best of it—that's all. That is no explanation of our beginning and finalities, but we know that we cannot obtain that explanation.

The second hypothesis is much more complicated. For an infinity of time, an immaterial being has been living. We call him God. We suppose that He has almost all the qualities we share a little part of: science, power, etc. Then suddenly that Being creates the world. Why? I never had any answer for that "why." The most common one, that it was to give a field of experimentation to the human race and observe what would become of it, seems to me a ferocious joke. "A joke," because being God, He knew beforehand everything that would happen, and did not need the experience to prove it; and "ferocious," because that concept of human vanity, that man is the centre and motive of the universe on that pinhead we name earth, would make of Him a conceited coxcomb if things did not every day trample Him pitilessly. But let that "why" be for an instant unanswered. Do you think that this explanation of our origin, God, is better than the other? I see only that we merely change a material unintelligibility, matter, into an immaterial one, God. But that does not explain to my mind that unintelligibility.

Has any American an answer for all those questions? Every time I propounded them I was literally crammed with proofs out of the Bible, or sometimes out of the Koran and the Veddas! Well, I never wanted to know which was the best of Gods; but why *is* there a God? Surely in a Christian land like America, some minds did consider that question and resolve it satisfactorily for themselves. How they did it is what I should like to know.

It must be pretty well understood that any question of morals is to be set apart. I have since a long time observed that theists and atheists do behave very much alike in life, and that it would be very hard to discriminate them by their behavior. They conform, consciously or unconsciously, to the moral rules of the time and country they live in, and for the most part don't bother where those rules come from.

This is a rather long letter, Mr. Editor, but my excuse, as I told you, is that I lie crippled in my bed. I must also beg your very best indulgence for the poor English in which it is written; I should like better to write in French, but our language is not now for that sort of serene philosophy.

M. QUESNEY.

CLINIQUE LA PRIMEVÈRE, LEYSIN, SWITZERLAND.

[We venture to remind our friend of a saying by a great modern philosopher which may help him in his perplexity. It is as follows: "There are in man many regions more fertile and more profound than his reason or his intelligence." —EDITOR.]

WHO STARTED SABBATH OBSERVANCE?

SIR,—Your reviewer of Dr. McConnell's *History of the American Episcopal Church* cites a passage from the book in which the author expresses

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the opinion, or rather the conviction, that the proper observance of the Lord's Day is a heritage from the Presbyterians more than from the Puritans. It may be that the scrupulous regard for the Sabbath is to some extent due to Presbyterian influence; but it was certainly not the only agency. P. A. Bruce, in his *Institutional History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century,* makes it clear by abundant citations that the people of the Old Dominion were as illiberal, if one chooses to put the case that way, as were those of New England; and they were nearly all Anglicans. Although I have not, at this moment, the work before me, I recall the author's remark that there was the largest possible liberty of action on week-days and the smallest imaginable on Sundays. Drunkenness and profanity attracted very little attention on six days of the week, but if a man had imbibed too freely of an intoxicant or so far forgot himself as to utter an oath on the seventh he was severely punished, if apprehended. A man must take no precautions against the ravages of a storm, if it occurred on Sunday, must not kill a noxious beast even on his own premises, or even be seen with a gun on that day. Whether we call this state of mind bigotry or conscientiousness, Mr. Bruce furnishes abundant data showing that it was by no means a characteristic of the people of New England solely. As I am not a student of Colonial history I do not know to what extent the records here drawn from have been examined before Mr. Bruce set himself to the task. Albeit, what he tells us will go far toward demonstrating that the strict observance of the Sabbath is a British rather than a Presbyterian or Puritan custom. This fact "leaps into the eye" of everybody who spends one Sunday in either England or Scotland at the present day, except in so far as it has been modified by the exigencies of the war. During the present century frequent complaint has been made, not only by church people, but also by liberals, against the increasing disregard for the Sabbath in Great Britain by foreigners and persons of foreign ancestry. There is no reason to believe that the veneration of the British people for the Sabbath is due to a reflex influence of the New country upon the Old as it has perdured in the latter country ever since the time of Cromwell if not longer. Perhaps some day an expert in what the Germans call "Folk-psychology" will tell us why the Protestants and the Roman Catholics in the British Isles differ so widely in this respect from those persons professing the same faith in continental Europe. It may be remarked in this connection that the automobile has made more serious inroads on what many people regard as the proper observance of the Lord's Day than any other agency since colonial times.

CHARLES W. SOPER.

ATHENS, OHIO.

PROHIBITION IN COLORADO

SIR,—As a reader of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, I have been interested in the article on prohibition in Kansas, by Mr. Albert J. Nock, and also the article in the October number on "Prohibition's Legislative Efforts," by L. Ames Brown—but interested in the sense that I feel these articles do injustice to the principles of prohibition, and to the results, where it has been put in practice.

As to the results of practical prohibition, I wish to call attention to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way it developed locally in this portion of Colorado, before it became a State matter.

In 1869 and the first part of 1870 the Greeley Colony was organized, with Horace Greeley as treasurer, and as a leader in the organization and final location of the colony.

Prohibition was an important principle in its first organization, and was carried to the extent that, after the site for the colony was selected, and each member of the colony given his lot in the town site, which was the social and business center for the development of the colony, there was put in each deed a clause calling for the forfeiture of the title to the lot if liquor were sold on the premises.

The town of Greeley, Colorado, began with the first of the colonists that landed on the town site, some fifty-two miles north of Denver, on what was then the Denver Pacific Railroad, May 1, 1870. Greeley now has a population of ten thousand or more, and there has never in all this time been a saloon allowed in the town. Now what I wish to call attention to is the fact that, while in this section Greeley has been the pioneer in the exclusion of saloons, in this part of the State the benefits have been so evident that, within the later years, not only have small towns grown up—as Windsor and Eaton—in which no saloons have been allowed, but others of the larger towns, as Longmont, Loveland, Fort Collins and later Boulder, have cut out the saloons.

These mentioned are the important towns in this section of the State, and this condition developed with no special push of the prohibition propaganda, but evidently from the leading citizens and business interests, who recognized that saloons were a detriment to the true prosperity of the community. And this development has come in the towns of Loveland, Fort Collins, and Boulder in comparatively recent years during the development of the sugar-beet industry. This industry has been the cause of a very large increase of population, many of whom are Germans, and accustomed to beer-drinking. The development of the temperance policy, put in practice here, though brought about first in the line of local option instead of State-wide prohibition, is conclusive evidence, to me, that where prohibition is fairly tested by time, its wisdom and benefits, with wise application, will be proved beyond contradiction.

JOHN E. LAW.

WINDSOR, COLORADO.

"SELF-SACRIFICING GERMANY"

SIR,—Would it not be advisable to cast out the beam in our own eye before we insist on removing the mote from the eye of Germany? It goes without saying that, so long as we are not concerned either with the causes or objects of the European war, only intent on prolonging this money-making massacre, we are guilty of a colossal crime against humanity. Being thus sordidly occupied, we obstreperously threaten Germany whenever she makes a move calculated to interfere with the transit of our munitions to the Allies and to shorten the white man's Armageddon. Aye, we dictate in season and out of season to self-sacrificing Germany, who in the hope to avert it altogether, put off mobilizing her army a little too long. We even reprobate Germany when, having failed to avert it altogether, she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

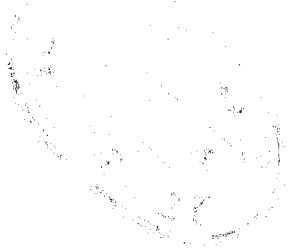
tried to make this dire struggle as swift and bloodless as possible. Would Belgium permit the passage of her troops through her realm—accepting damages for any injury done? Of course not! Belgium being hand in glove with her powerful neighbors preferred to fight to a finish: thus proving to all who are not sordidly blind or have a political axe to grind that she was anything but neutral in spirit.

If one judged America and Europe today by their vituperative spokesmen, their scribes and pharisees, one would be tempted to believe that the pessimistic assertions of Mr. Chamberlain regarding the nineteenth century applied with still greater truth to the opening decades of the twentieth century. This is how the learned author of *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* puts it: "In the nineteenth century we have heard so much fine talk about the freedom of speech, the freedom of science, etc.; in reality, however, we have been worse enslaved than in the eighteenth century; for, in addition to the tyrants who have really never been disarmed, new and worse ones have arisen. The former tyranny could, with all its bitter injustice, strengthen the character; the new, which is a tyranny proceeding from and aiming at money, degrades to the lowest depths of bondage."

MARY IVES TODD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



INDEX

TO THE

TWO HUNDRED AND FOURTH VOLUME

OF THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

ALEXANDER, HARTLEY B. The Morality of Force, 705.
America and World Peace, 673.
America Gone Too Far in Democracy, Has? 90.
Are Americans Poor Farmers? 822.
Americans, Are We "The?" 340.
Art: "Who Wants Art Nowadays?" 235.
AUERBACH, JOSEPH S. To Wolfe and Montcalm, 743; Gold of Toulouse, 744.

Blacklist, The British, 825.
Book of the Month, The, 139, 292, 457, 616, 751, 931.
Books Reviewed, 143, 298, 461, 624, 758, 938.
BOYD, W. R. Has America Gone Too Far in Democracy? 90.
British Blacklist, The, 825.
British Embargo, The: Sea Rights and Sea Power, 515.
BROOKS, SYDNEY. The Irish Insurrection, 57; The Effects of Roumania's Decision, 531; The British Blacklist, 825.
Browning Reminiscences, Some, 602.
BROWN, L. AMES. Prohibition's Legislative Efforts, 589; The Election and Prohibition, 850.
BROWN, PHILIP MARSHALL. Ignominious Neutrality, 185; Democracy and Diplomacy, 691.
BURROUGHS, JOHN. Manifold Nature, 245.
BUTLER, SAMUEL, 270.

CARTER, MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM H., U. S. A. Public Opinion and Defense, 203.
CHAPMAN, DR. PAUL M. "Pure Asepsis," 717.
Character: The Paramount Issue, 641.
China, The Closing Door in, 25.
Christianity and the Sword, 195.
CLARK, CHARLES UPSON. What Are Colleges For? 413.
Closing Door in China, The, 25.
Codlin and Short in Poland, 819.
Colleges: What Are Colleges For? 413.
Conjecture of Intensive Fiction, A, 869.
Conserving Our Spiritual Resources, 881.
Contemporary Echoes, 306, 470, 766.
Contemporary Fiction, A New Use For, 745.
Conventions, The National, 1.
CORWIN, EDWARD S. Sea Rights and Sea Power: The British Embargo, 515.
Creative Mystery, The, 595.
Culture, 610.

Danish Islands, The Story of the, 381.
Death-Doors and Asphodel, 909.
Death, I Have a Rendezvous With, 594.
Defense, Public Opinion and, 203.
Democracy and Diplomacy, 691.
Democracy, Has America Gone Too Far in? 90.
DEUTSCH, BABETTE. Ephemeris, 112.
Drama and Music, 920.
DUNN, SAMUEL O. The Railways, Train Employees and the Public, 98; The Threatened Strike on the Railways, 575.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials:—The National Conventions, 1; The New Independence, 13; The Race Not Going Mad, 16; Our Ships and Some Others, 20; Trade and the War, 23; The Closing Door in China, 25; Political Pledges, 161; Unpreparedness Demonstrated, 171; A Treaty in Chancery, 174; The President and "The Pork Barrel," 178; The Passing of the Turk, 180; The Political Situation, 321; The "Traitors" of Two Centuries, 333; A Tale of Two Empires, 337; Are We "The" Americans? 340; For President: Charles Evans Hughes, 481; Character, The Paramount Issue, 641; A Letter to the Times, 657; Election Eve, 669; The Verdict of the People, 801; Guessing Again, 811; Electoral Vote and Electoral College, 813; Codlin and Short in Poland, 819; Are Americans Poor Farmers? 822.
Effects of Roumania's Decision, The, 531.
Election and Prohibition, The, 850.
Election Eve, 669.
Electoral Vote and Electoral College, 813.
Ellis, Havelock. The Genius of England, 211.
England, The Genius of, 211.
Ephemeris, 112.
European War:—Trade and the War, 23; Germany's Financial Position, 39; The Forces Behind the Russian Offensive, 49; The Peace Problem, 75; Sea Rights and Sea Power: The British Embargo, 515; The Effects of Roumania's Decision, 531; The Irish Nationalist as Pro-Ally, 544; I Have a Rendezvous With Death, 594; America and World Peace, 673; The Passengers of a Retarded Submersible, 741; The British Blacklist, 825.

Federal Farm Loan Act, Some Objections to, 837.
Ficke, Arthur Davison. Modern Tendencies in Poetry, 438.
Fiction, A Conjecture of Intensive, 869.
Fiction, A Use for Contemporary, 745.
Forces Behind the Russian Offensive, The, 49.
Forthcoming Election, The—A Prediction, 757.
Fröding, Gustav: Swedish Lyric Poet, 897.
Future Mechanism of Warfare, The, 373.

Genius of England, The, 211.
German Citizenship, Paragraph Twenty-Five of the New, 857.
Germany's Financial Position, 39.
Gilman, Lawrence. Drama and Music, 920.
Gilman, Lawrence. A Pilgrimage to Quietude, 135; The Book of the Month, 139, 292, 457, 616, 751, 931.
God, A Modern Conception of, 400.
Gold of Toulouse, 744.
Greene, William Chase. Culture, 610.
Griffis, William Elliot. The Statesmanship of Yuan Shi-Kai, 70; Okuma and the New Era in Japan, 681.
Guessing Again, 811.

Hammond, John Hays, Jr. The Future Mechanism of Warfare, 373.
Harvey, George. The National Conventions, 1; Political Pledges, 161; The Political Situation, 321; In Memoriam: James Whitcomb Riley, 421; For President: Charles Evans Hughes, 481; Thomas Riley Marshall, 620; Character—The Paramount Issue, 641; A Letter to the Times, 657; The Forthcoming Election—A Prediction, 757; The Verdict of the People, 801; Guessing Again, 811.
Herrick, Myron T. Some Objections to the Federal Farm Loan Act, 837.
Hill, David Jayne. President Wilson's Administration of Foreign Affairs, I, 344; II, 550.
Howells, William Dean. The Passengers of a Retarded Submersible, 741; A Conjecture of Intensive Fiction, 869.
Hughes, Charles Evans: For President, 481.

Ignominious Neutrality, 185.
Irish Insurrection, The, 57.
Irish Nationalist as Pro-Ally, The, 544.

Japan, Okuma and the New Era in, 681.
Jennings, H. J. Germany's Financial Position, 39.
Johnson, Burges. A Memory of Mexico, 226.
Johnson, Willis Fletcher. The Story of the Danish Islands, 381; America and World Peace, 673.
Johnston, Charles. The Forces Behind the Russian Offensive, 49.

Kansas, Prohibition in, 254.

Leslie, Shane. The Irish Nationalist as Pro-Ally, 544.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor, 153, 316, 474, 636, 789, 950.
Letter to The Times, A, 657.
Litany, A, 896.

Mad Philosopher, The, 894.
Manifold Nature, 245.
MARSHALL, HENRY RUTGERS. War and Progress, 391.
MARSHALL, THOMAS RILEY, 620.
MATTERN, J. Paragraph Twenty-Five of the New German Citizenship, 857.
MCAFEE, HELEN. Tchekov and the Spirit of the East, 282.
MCCOMB, CANON SAMUEL. Christianity and the Sword, 195.
Memory of Mexico, A, 226.
Mexico:—A Memory of Mexico, 226; President Wilson's Administration of Foreign Affairs, 344, 350.
Modern Conception of God, A, 400.
Modern Tendencies in Poetry, 438.
MOORE, JOHN BASSETT. The Peace Problem, 75.
Morality of Force, The, 705.
MOXOM, THE REV. PHILIP S. A Modern Conception of God, 400.
Mystery of Woodrow Wilson, The, 362.

National Conventions, The, 1.
Nature, Manifold, 245.
Neutrality, Ignominious, 185.
New Independence, The, 13.
New York, In, 455.
NOCK, ALBERT JAY. Prohibition in Kansas, 254; Prohibition and Civilization, 407.
Note on Rossetti, A, 128.

Off Newburyport Bar, 267.
Okuma and the New Era in Japan, 681.

Paragraph Twenty-Five of the New German Citizenship, 857.
PASCOLI, GIOVANNI, 113.
Passengers of a Retarded Submersible, The, 741.
Passing of the Turk, The, 180.
Peace Problem, The, 75.
PELO, FLORENCE B. Some Unpublished Letters of Mary Shelley, 727.
PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER. In New York, 455.
Peterborough Idea, The, 448.
PHELPS, RUTH SHEPARD. Giovanni Pascoli, 113; A Use for Contemporary Fiction, 745.
Pilgrimage to Quietude, A, 135.
Poetry, Modern Tendencies in, 438.
Poetry:—Ephemeris, 112; Off Newburyport Bar, 267; In New York, 455; The Tree, 456; I Have a Rendezvous With Death, 594; The Passengers of a Retarded Submersible, 741; To Wolfe and Montcalm, 743; Gold of Toulouse, 744; The Mad Philosopher, 894; A Litany, 896.
Political Pledges, 161.
Political Situation, The, 321.
President and "The Pork Barrel," The, 178.
Progress, War and, 391.
Prohibition:—Prohibition in Kansas, 254; Prohibition and Civilization, 407; Prohibition's Legislative Efforts, 589; The Election and Prohibition, 850.
Public Opinion and Defense, 203.
"Pure Asepsis," 717.

Race Not Going Mad, The, 16.
Railways, The Threatened Strike on the, 575.
Railways, Train Employees, and the Public, The, 98.
RANDALL, WILFRID L. The Creative Mystery, 595.
RICE, CALE YOUNG. The Mad Philosopher, 894; A Litany, 896.
RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB: In Memoriam, 421.
ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON. The Peterborough Idea, 448.
Rossetti, A Note On, 128.
Roumania's Decision, The Effects of, 531.
Russian Offensive, The Forces Behind the, 49.

Sea Rights and Sea Power: The British Embargo, 515.
SEEGER, ALAN. I Have a Rendezvous With Death, 594.
Shelley, Mary, Some Unpublished Letters of, 727.
SHERWOOD MARGARET. Conserving Our Spiritual Resources, 881.
Ships, Our, and Some Others, 20.
SLAUGHTER, GERTRUDE E. T. Death-Doors and Asphodel, 909.
Some Objections to the Federal Farm Loan Act, 837.
SPOFFORD, HARRIET PRESCOTT. Off Newburyport Bar, 267.
Statesmanship of Yuan Shi-Kai, The, 70.
STILLMAN, CLARA GRUENING. Samuel Butler, 270.
STORK, CHARLES WHARTON. Gustav Fröding: Swedish Lyric Poet, 897.
Story of the Danish Islands, The, 381.
SYMONS, ARTHUR. A Note on Rossetti, 128; Some Browning Reminiscences, 602.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

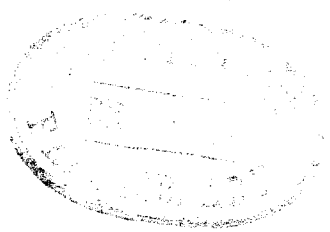
Tale of Two Empires, A, 337.
Tchekov and the Spirit of the East, 282.
Threatened Strike on the Railways, The, 575.
Times, A Letter to the, 657.
Trade and the War, 23.
"Traitors" of Two Centuries, The, 333.
Treaty in Chancery, A, 174.
Tree, The, 456.
Turk, The Passing of the, 180.

Unpreparedness Demonstrated, 171.
Unpublished Letters of Mary Shelley, Some, 727.
Use for Contemporary Fiction, A, 745.
USHER, ROLAND V. Washington and Entangling Alliances, 29.

VAN RENSSELAER, MRS. SCHUYLER. Who Wants Art Nowadays? 235.
Verdict of the People, The, 801.
VILLARD, OSWALD GARRISON. The Mystery of Woodrow Wilson, 362.

War and Progress, 391.
Washington and Entangling Alliances, 29.
Welles, Winifred, The Tree, 456.
What Are Colleges For? 413.
Wilson:—President Wilson's Administration of Foreign Affairs, I, 345; II, 550; The President and "The Pork Barrel," 178; The Mystery of Woodrow Wilson, 362.
Wolfe and Montcalm, To, 743.
Woodsmen, Two, 426.
World Peace, America and, 673.
WYATT, EDITH. Two Woodsmen, 426.

Yuan Shi-Kai, The Statesmanship of, 70.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED